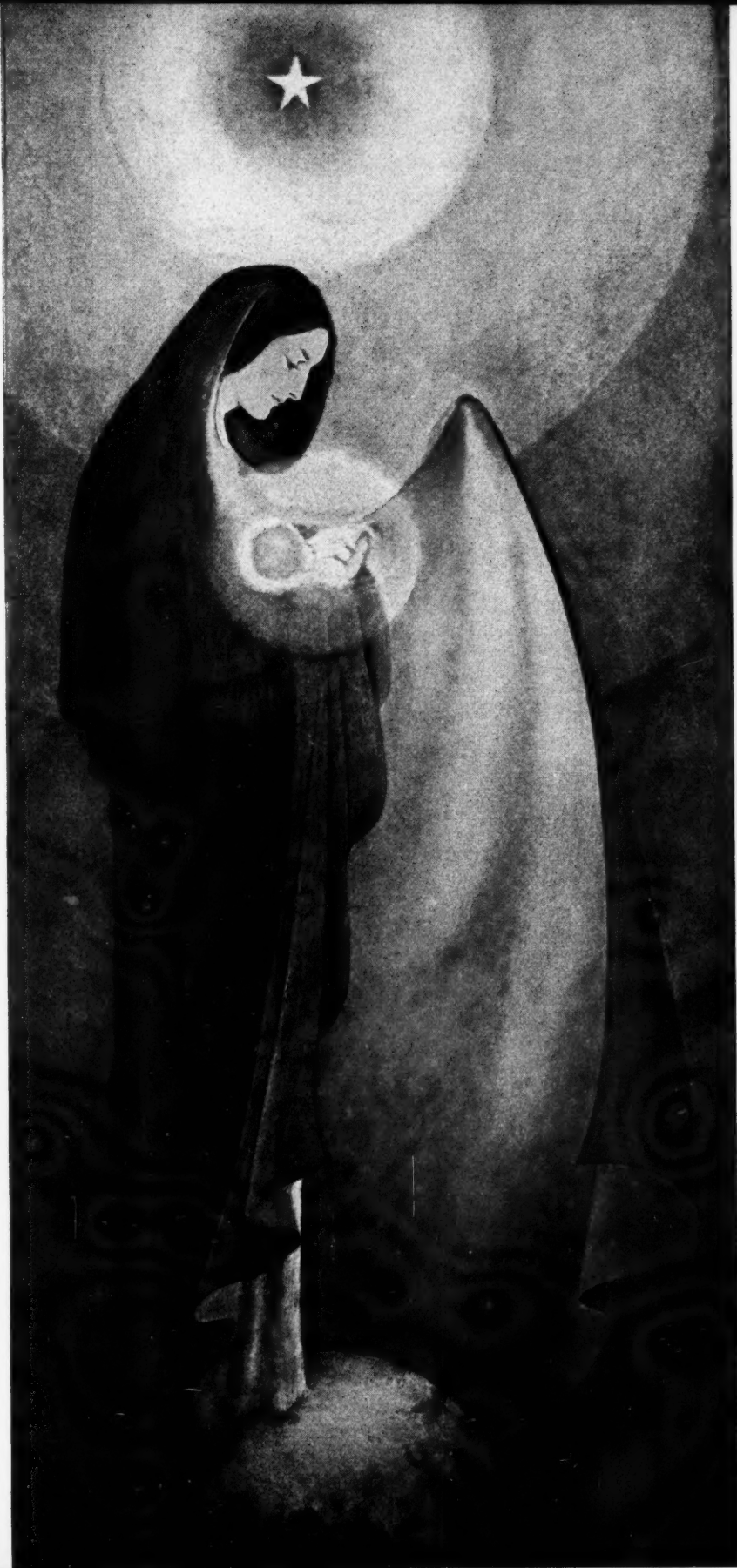


THE FIELD OF REA



MARYK KLOZZ



NUMBER II
VOL. XXXIX

Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

Auxiliary Brothers participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

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**In The Eternal City a Maryknoller Looks Through The Arch of Titus
At The Colosseum**

Innumerable Martyrs of the Christ of Bethlehem and of Calvary saturated with their life's blood in the early centuries of the Church the soil of the arena of the Colosseum, Imperial Rome's great amphitheatre



THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1935



Christmas Carols and Stars of Gold



EVERY year is a first *Maryknoll* Christmas for a good-sized batch of Knollers, those who have joined the ranks since the preceding twenty-fifth of December. And it is to

them perhaps that the keenest thrill on the Knolltop comes, for the first contact with the differentness in Maryknoll's Christmas is an experience which burrows very deep.

Perhaps you understand that, despite the divine call to fields afar, as the great day approaches which for many families tradition has decreed shall be the gathering time about the hearthstone, there is a tugging in young missionary breasts which only vigorous effort can fight down. During the preceding weeks the expeditions into the woods for holly and laurel and the innumerable tasks of preparation, whether for decorations, or histrionics, or for the musical program, dull the sensibilities which have been heightened by threatening nostalgia.

There is then an instinct among friends which makes one sense another's need of sympathy and, even though words of direct reference are not spoken, the older hands find ways of easing the newcomers' forebodings of Christmas away from home.

Thus the eve of the great Feast is reached. The "atmospherics" in the way of greens and reds both material and artificial are in place, and all retire early. The newcomer buries his head resolutely in his pillow and falls asleep.

The Maryknoll Bethlehem—

AND then there is the awakening. No, it is not a dream—

in the hush of the night there drifts up from the snowy ground outside his window the age-old sweetness of Christmas carols. It is the call to go to the Maryknoll Bethlehem. Perhaps the newcomer lies abed a moment, in the grip of the old refrains so full of memories and meaning, then hurries his

one the opportunity to unloose the brimming wells of his spirit.

A quarter of an hour of silent thanksgiving, and then the Maryknoll clans gather to put the merry in Christmas. While coffee and the Sisters' doughnuts are attacked, Santa arrives and disburses numerous though almost price-less gifts. The newcomer very probably does not forget to think of home, but when the thought comes there is gratitude with it that God has put him in a family in which a brotherhood of dedication to a great ideal fills the void of home abandoned.



from
MARYKNOLL

preparations for Midnight Mass.

One of the priests gives the preliminary meditation on the mystery of the manger. Then in the unbroken stillness of Westchester's countryside the solemn Sacrifice proceeds and Christ is born, to enter all hearts present, to prompt all to think of all the absent—loved ones guarding the empty places at the hearthside, brothers overseas, and brothers of the human race outside the Christian pale to whom the night is meaningless. Christmas music, crowned by the *Adeste*, gives each

The First Maryknoll Christmas—

THERE have now been some two dozen Maryknoll Christmases, enough to give the first some little special beauty in perspective. Among the thousand Maryknollers of today, counting the two communities, that of the Sisters as well as that of the priests and Brothers, there is probably a bare dozen who can hear back to December 25, 1912.

The Maryknoll chapel of those days was a small edition of the present Brothers' chapel at Rosary House. There was no other on the property up to that time, though on Christmas morn of 1912 a second was opened in St. Teresa's Lodge, the cozy little house by the road where the small band of lay women of those days, known as the "secretaries", dwelt and did their work. For an example of how blessings have come in seven league boots, compare that second chapel with the temple of prayer we now find in the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse!

On that first Christmas, Maryknoll's Father General himself engineered the fixing of the red berries and the green boughs from the woods, and arranged with the half dozen students for the sing-

TWELFTH MONTH is here again! Thanks for your many kindnesses and best wishes for a Happy Christmas. Stay with us—we like your friendship.

O COME, LET US ADORE HIM, CHRIST THE LORD.



FLYING TO A MARYKNOLL CONSECRATION
Bishop Gallagher of Detroit arriving at the Newark Airport for his visit to Maryknoll on the occasion of the Consecration of Bishop Ford. With the cordial encouragement and welcome of this apostolic prelate, Maryknoll has recently opened a house in Bishop Gallagher's Diocese

ing of Novello's *Adeste Fideles*. We think the creaky little mission organ is still around which wheezed out the strains. We hope someone catches it for the museum.

But the memory which all cherish most of the Christmas of that day is the same which appeals to us now, the atmosphere of the midnight which "made one almost feel that the angels might break once more through the clouds and

chant the *Gloria in excelsis* as at the first Bethlehem."

"It was the great Christmas in the life of each of us," wrote Maryknoll's General at the time, "and God seemed as near as He was."

As we pen these lines for 1935, we can think of nothing finer to

GOD'S gift to us is Jesus. Our gift to God is what?

JESUS, THOU JOY OF LOVING HEARTS,

wish you than that God may seem as near to you on Christmas night as He does to us in the Midnight Mass at Maryknoll.

"Maryknoll" Dominicans—

BUSY priests indeed are the two well-known Dominican Fathers, Rev. Charles J. Callan and Rev. John A. McHugh.

For more than twenty years they have come daily from Hawthorne to complete the Maryknoll Faculty, and practically all of the Maryknoll priests now laboring in Eastern Asia studied under them.

And yet the service rendered to Maryknoll by these two priests neither of whom is physically rugged is only a portion of their activities, which include the care of souls in the parish of Hawthorne, N. Y., the editing of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, and the publication of books which now make a list of imposing proportions. Their works, which total 23, merit a catalogue of their own; and the purchase of the entire list would require the sum of \$91.60!

A Reminder—

OCCASIONALLY, our mail brings us an unsigned letter of inquiry that we would desire very much to answer. Please remember that an unsigned questioning letter *can not* be answered. One feels, too, that an unidentified writer can not have attached much importance to what he wrote, nor confidently believed in it. Every letter will be answered—if it is signed.

A World-Wide Cause—

AN inquiry came recently for our Father Keller. It was worded strangely: "Is that smiling Father Keller *still* with Maryknoll?" We answer: "Yes, but he is never still."

Father Keller embodies the Maryknoll Movement, and his pace is a rapid one—too rapid we fear at times, although he has yet the robustness of youth. "Waiting for something to do" would never fit into the life of our re-

sourceful confrère.

For the past year he has been busier than ever, as he has been giving special help to Monsignor Quinn of the *Propagation of the Faith* National Office. This is Maryknoll's contribution to a world-wide cause, a temporary contribution that involves naturally a sacrifice, which we have gladly made in response to a strong request.

Father Keller's task covers two distinct offices—one with the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith* national direction; the other his own Maryknoll. Fortunately, the offices are not far apart, and a few minutes around the corner are long enough to stage an appearance at either place. We hope that friends of Maryknoll will always be loyal to the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*.

A COINCIDENCE

THE prayerful Chinese lad on the front cover of our September Issue attracted so much favorable comment that we wish here to credit the fine picture to *Fides Service* in Rome, which is actually supplying mission publications of both hemispheres with very superior photographs. We are pleased to note that the same photograph was featured in a *Propagation of the Faith Society* poster announcing last Mission Sunday.

The *Fides Service* picture is almost identical in pose and inspiration with one taken over thirty years ago at Taichowfu, China, by Monsignor John M. Fraser, who for years has been a close friend of Maryknoll's Founder and Father General. The earlier picture has been frequently featured in Maryknoll publications.

Stables of Bethlehem and Bedford

A FEW years ago there was a large farm near Bedford, Massachusetts, and it was Thanksgiving time. The pigs and chick-

ens scratched around mysteriously in the snow; they were not finding much, but they kept right on scratching—it kept them warm.

Then this farm changed owners, and all the animals were sold. The great cow barn was rejuvenated. The stable floor was washed and the cobwebs were taken down. Water-troughs, salt pans, and bran chutes were dismantled. Then the carpenters were called in with loads of plaster-board and cypress lath-

ing. Presto—you have a Maryknoll Novitiate!

Other Thanksgivings have come and gone, and now, if you looked into one of the windows that cows looked out of lately, why you would be looking into a student's room.

But Christmas is not far off and then what has been a stable will be once more a stable, and we'll kneel down where the cows knelt down, before a Crib!



ON THE HOME KNOLL CAMPUS FATHER FOTO POINTS OUT TO A STUDENT SOME OF NATURE'S CHRISTMAS TRIMMINGS. IN THE COLDEST WEATHER OUR "COURT PHOTOGRAPHER" SCORNS A HAT, AND HIS OWN LOCKS HAVE HERE THEIR DECORATION OF CHRISTMAS SNOW

THOU FOUNT OF LIFE, THOU LIGHT OF MEN,

Christmas Comes to Sancian

By Father Robert Cairns, M.M., of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission,
South China



LINED UP FOR THE SHEN-FU'S (SPIRITUAL FATHER'S) CHRISTMAS TREAT. BACK OF THE LITTLE ONES IS THE CONCRETE PIER BUILT BY MARYKNOLL FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF PILGRIMS TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER'S MEMORIAL SHRINE

FIGURES for our Sancian Crib were sent by Patrick Lennon, a poor Irish soldier. They arrived in the nick of time, on Christmas Eve. The Crib went the rounds to five different places, where I explained its meaning to the children. It was fun to see the little yellow

faces peering into the box we used for a cave, and it was good to watch their almond eyes twinkle as they answered my questions: "That Baby is Jesus." "The Lady is *Shing Mo Ma-Lei-A* (Mary)."

Before the Midnight Mass I went through the neighboring village of *San-Tei* (New Earth), playing the mandolin and singing,



THE INTERIOR OF SANCIAN'S MEMORIAL SHRINE. THE TOMB MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE APOSTLE OF THE ORIENT WAS FIRST BURIED

"*Adeste Fideles, Venite Adoremus*". Then the church tower bell awakened those who had not heard my caroling.

I walked towards the path to the Memorial Shrine, only to find that it was covered by the high tide and therefore impassable. My brother's Worcester canoe had also arrived on Christmas Eve, so we put it on our shoulders and christened it by launching it on the briny deep. The moon was shining brightly upon the silvery, shimmering waves, the paddles brought forth the golden phosphorescence that lies hidden in our waters; and, as the canoe moved Shrinewards, I played the mandolin and the choristers and I sang Christmas carols.

Midnight Mass at the Xavier Shrine—

At the tomb where the Apostle of the Orient was first buried, High Mass was sung by the pastor, Father "Sandy" Cairns, of Glasgow, Scotland, Worcester, Mass., Maryknoll, N. Y., and Sancian.

The Gospel for Midnight Mass, telling of the shepherds who left their night watches to adore the Baby Jesus, was truly re-enacted by the few brave souls who dared to climb Xavier's hill at midnight. Eight received in Holy Communion their Infant King and Savior.

After Mass I was edified by the devotion shown by the faithful few at the Crib. It had been set up in a box under a pine tree sprinkled with cotton snowflakes, and a flashlight, hidden in the upper recesses of the box, brought out in strong relief the tiny figure of the Divine Infant.

Daylight Mass at the Central Mission—

The Daylight Mass was sung in Sancian's parish church, and sixteen received Holy Communion. Among them were two who had returned to the Fold after a long absence from the Sacraments.

Sixteen is a small number out of more than a thousand former Catholics on the Island, but the others will return if and when God gives them the grace.

FROM THE BEST BLISS THAT EARTH IMPARTS,

A crusade of prayer is the lodestone needed to draw down on this Sacred Spot of the Orient, now barren and desolate, the life-giving Pentecostal flame.

After Mass, the children were made happy with candy and holy pictures, and the men with tobacco.

Noon Mass at Great Waves Harbor—

Shortly before noon, the third High Mass of Christmas Day was sung at *Taai Long Waan*, Great Waves Harbor, where Mary Lam, a grandmother (whom we call our blind saint), is our only practicing Catholic. The others have reverted to paganism.

However, the pastor, mandolin-strumming, with his choristers went through the village on the way to the church singing Christmas hymns. The boys followed in motley array with the organ, a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes, a table and the other necessities for Mass, including a new set of white Mass vestments recently sent by a charitable Sister in New York City. The Christians from our Central Mission carried kneeling benches, which served for seats as well.

The impromptu procession attracted fully a hundred, who heard a Christmas sermon and attended High Mass in a windowless, doorless and partly roofless mud church.

The choir, Johnny Lau and Joe Yau, for the first time in their lives sang for three High Masses on the same day, and although they would not be selected as soloists by Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York, yet they sang the Masses quite well and are now proud of their achievement.

Benediction at the Central Mission was followed by a Chinese Christmas turkey (pork) dinner for the catechists and servants, at which banquet the pastor presided.

It was indeed a very happy Christmas.

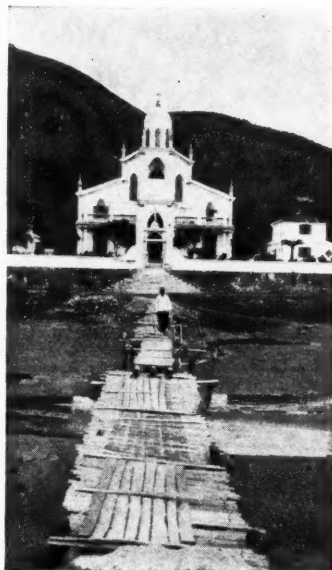
What Difference Does It Make?—

As we look back on the year we can find no great cause for rejoicing at the spiritual progress of Sancian's people. We had no Baptisms, though we did have a few return to the Sacraments.

At all events we have done the best we could, leaving the results to God.

And if visible results here and now are meager, what difference does it make? We are sticking to our post. Besides, at this beautiful mission so well situated on the ridge of the ocean, I have the great privilege of being Custodian of the Shrine and Tomb of Saint Francis Xavier.

I'm as happy as the day is long; and when you read this I shall be getting happier, because the days will be getting longer.



THE PARISH CHURCH AT SANCIAN ISLAND'S CENTRAL MISSION. HERE AT THE DAYLIGHT MASS A FAITHFUL FEW WELCOMED THE CHRIST CHILD INTO THEIR HEARTS IN HOLY COMMUNION

Here and There

AMONG the noted women writers of modern China is Lu-I, a convert to the Catholic Church. She is the author of many poems and plays, but her fame rests mainly on her prose.

Her novel "*The Mother's Heart*" is really an autobiography. Its heroine, a young Chinese girl, goes to study in France, where she falls

I, a missionary priest or nun! Why not? Think it over.

in love with an artist. However, she has been engaged by her parents to a Chinese student in America whom she has never seen, and out of filial piety she resists her love for the artist.

She meets a deeply religious French woman who has a great influence on her. The grace of faith having been granted her, she is converted in spite of all the criticism and ridicule of her friends.

On her return to China she marries the fiancé selected by her parents, and their exceptionally happy married life is described in "*The Green Sky*".

English-speaking Canada's foreign mission seminary, St. Francis Xavier's, of Scarborough Bluff, Ontario, has added to the as yet not too abundant mission literature in English by publishing *The Dragon at Close Range*, pen pictures of life in Chekiang Province, China, from the hand of Monsignor William McGrath of the Prefecture of Chuchow, St. Francis Xavier's first mission field.

The contents are brief and breezy, a total of almost eighty selections, the longest of which occupy never more than two or three pages. The whole is to be had for a dollar from the seminary itself. Congratulations on Scarborough Bluff's enterprise!

Would you believe that it costs Maryknoll and its missions something more than *two thousand dollars* (\$2,000) a year to follow up lagging subscribers! They like us well enough and mean well, but neglect to renew, and we do hate to lose them.

You might think that this game of going back to hunt for our lost friends is not worth the candle. You will know better when we tell you that we manage in this way to "round up" sixteen hundred. A few of these fine themselves, and we gain; but how gratified we should be were all our friends *Life Subscribers*, or *Prompt Renewers*.

WE TURN UNFILLED TO THEE AGAIN. — ST. BERNARD.

Len Pin's Wastelands Blossom

By Father William O'Brien, of Chicago, Ill., a missionary of the Maryknoll Kaying field, South China



"RECENTLY SOLDIERS WENT INTO LEN PIN AND CLEANED OUT THE BANDITS. TSIA KET TZE, HIS ONE SURVIVING SON, AND TWO NEPHEWS ARE BACK AMONG THE RUINS OF THEIR FORMER GLORY"

*Turbulent wastelands
Mountains of Len Pin
Dreary background to the waste
within*

*Those children of men
Who know not their Lord, their
high destiny.*

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, Father Chau, a zealous Chinese priest, walked seventy-five miles from his mission at Lumchai to visit a man named Tsia Ket Tze, whom he had met in Canton. This man, his seven sons, and his brothers lived in two large castles. Be-

ing the leaders of their clan, which numbered over ten thousand men, not counting the women-folk, they owned that great countryside.

Father Chau remained there some weeks, instructing the family of Tsia Ket Tze and his near relatives. On a second visit he baptized them. Shortly after, Fa-

YOUR Christmas will be especially blessed if the Christ Child's Name is the first on your gift list.

ther Chau volunteered for leper work at the Sheklung Asylum; and his place was filled by Father Ten, a young Chinese, newly ordained.

The Downfall of the House of Tsia—

Meanwhile, the Revolution driving out the Manchus had taken place in the important centers of China, and the sons of Tsia Ket Tze allied themselves with the movement. There had always been rivalry between the Tsia and the Gnan clan, who ruled Len Pin City, twenty miles away from the market place of the Tsias; and the latter crowd, led by the eldest son of Tsia Ket Tze, took occasion to capture the city.

Evidently not knowing conditions, it was at this time that Father Ten sent word that he was coming to make his first visit to the Len Pin Christians. Arriving at the city on his way to the home of Tsia Ket Tze, Father Ten was very ceremoniously received by the son. That same night an army of the old régime surrounded the city. Father Ten's host was shot down in his presence; and he himself, with his two companions, was thrown into prison. He narrowly escaped execution, and months of threat and hard treatment in prison unnerved him and shattered his health. After his release was effected he returned to Canton, and died within the year.

The army marched into the territory of the Tsias, set fire to all the more pretentious buildings, and killed over a thousand men. Of the group of Christians, only Tsia Ket Tze and three of his sons escaped, and they wandered as refugees for years. Great numbers of the clan divided into bandit gangs in the mountain fastnesses, and had nearly up to the present time virtually stopped communications within Len Pin prefecture.

On two occasions when a catechist and companion later went into Len Pin, they returned in robbers' rags, having lost even their clothes; and when I visited Tsia Ket Tze some time ago, I was only able to do so by the fact that soldiers were posted as guards all along the road, to whom I was obliged to pay a goodly sum in tolls—and it was a jittery journey at that. The inhabitants

had long ago fled from the mountains and crowded near to the city and to the few larger towns, so that you now walk for five miles at a stretch without seeing a house, a rare thing in this populous land.

Returning to Ruined Castles—

Recently soldiers went into Len Pin and cleaned out the bandits, and auto roads are now being built.

Tsia Ket Tze, his one surviving son, and two nephews are back among the ruins of their former glory. The towering walls of their castles now enclose vegetable gardens. The patriarch is eighty-nine years old, and his vigorous health gives great promise of bringing him close to the century mark. He has kept the Faith and says his prayers.

A New Start in Len Pin—

This year we made a new start in Len Pin, but at a point nearer by. Thirty miles from this Hoping mission is a large market town called Chung Sim (Centerville to Americans), which is the center of a wide and populous area. Stations are already established in three places, with a large crowd of catechumens under instruction. In June twenty-four were baptized.

The Church being altogether unknown in these parts, there was bound to be some opposition to the new "foreign doctrine", and we had difficulty renting quarters. We have to be content with a share in the overcrowded homes of the catechumens, as the powers-that-be in the villages will not allow anyone to rent to us. In one place we were obliged to raise the roof of an attic to make a sort of chapel or meeting place for the Christians. A delegation of the neighbors came to say it would not be allowed; and, when we went ahead on it, they sent gangs on two nightly excursions to throw rocks on the roof and smash the tiles. This has been taken up with the authorities, and as a regiment of soldiers are stationed at the market, we are rather assured of protection.

The usual whispering campaign is going on against us, but the new Christians succeeded in nailing one story, and in having the perpetrator make amends by shooting off firecrackers and giving

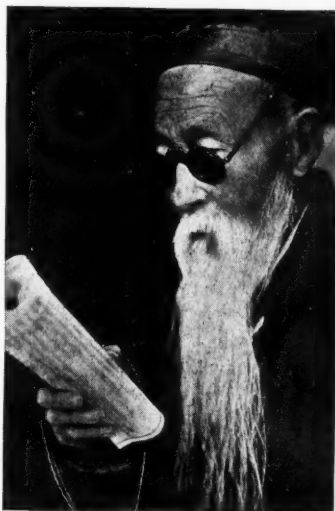
SPONSOR a Native Catechist in the Maryknoll mission fields of China or Korea. Pray for him, pay for him, and you will share his fruits.

a banquet to some of the Christians and the heads of the village.

We succeeded in getting an option to rent a very suitable building on the market place, but soldiers are occupying it, and we must be content with temporary quarters there also.

The Mission Sock Inside Out—

However, these difficulties so far have been trifling. With the drop in exchange and the mission sock all in-



"THE PATRIARCH IS EIGHTY-NINE YEARS OLD, AND HIS VIGOROUS HEALTH GIVES GREAT PROMISE OF BRINGING HIM CLOSE TO THE CENTURY MARK. HE HAS KEPT THE FAITH"

side out, the present worry is to keep this Len Pin section open and going. In a year or two, it will probably have a missionary of its own, but just now it is a serious burden on this Hoping mission. We cannot afford to close down either place, nor, as things are, can we afford by any means of our own to keep them both going. Turning with confidence to the Lord of the Harvest, I must say to myself again, "Let's go begging". This time for the infant Church in Len Pin.

A Future "Benjamin Franklin" of China

MARYKNOLL'S Father James McDermott, of Worcester, Mass., now pastor of Toishan in the Society's Kongmoon field of South China, forwards to us the following letter from a former pupil, of whom he writes: "This boy hopes to be the Benjamin Franklin of China. He is an unusually clever pupil, and a good lad." The letter reads:

My dear Father McDermott,

Yours, dated October 10, through Father Paschang, has been safely received. I do not know how many thanks I should give you. I am very sorry I did not reply with a letter immediately, but the school life makes me very busy. But from now on, by the help of communication, I happily hope, our friendship will be consolidated.

To read your letter, I wondered at your words, "Do you remember me?" Friendship never forgets.

I am well and happy also. I study rather hard. But sometimes I cannot escape from the persecutions of pecuniary difficulties. I hope I can visit you sometimes. And I earnestly hope you come to Kochow, the sooner the better. We all are young, and shall have the chances of meeting in the future.

I prepare to reform China. As my knowledge is so poor, I hope you usually write to teach me something and always tell me your state in detail. I think you will not refuse me. As a man struggling in the water cries, "Help! lend a hand!" would any man, woman or child be so cold and hard-hearted as to refuse? Even a dog will often leap to the rescue. A man who would refuse or hinder the poor fellow in distress should be punished as criminal and scorned as unworthy of any respect.

All the events, such as education, communication, politics, and so on, in China are struggling like a man in deep water. If you help my study, you help China in many respects.

If China will be better than today, the commerce of your country will be much easier to develop.

Yours respectfully,

Chung Feng Nien.

HOW STILL WE SEE THEE LIE!

Christmas at the Crèche

By a Maryknoll Sister



ON THE DAY OF BISHOP FORD'S CONSECRATION LAST SEPTEMBER, THESE THREE SISTER-MISSIONERS STARTED OUT ON THE LONG JOURNEY TO HIS KAYING MISSION FIELD IN SOUTH CHINA, WHERE THEIR LIFE'S WORK WILL BE THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE VICARIATE'S WOMEN AND GIRLS. THE NEW MISSIONERS ARE: SISTER MARIE MARCELLINE GRONDIN, OF WESTBROOK, ME. (LEFT), SISTER M. LUELLA VEILE, OF QUINCY, ILL., AND SISTER MIRIAM LOUISE KROEGER, OF JEFFERSON CITY, MO.



"I'm glad, my little wise woman, that you have your heaven-ticket, for I don't believe I'll find you here in the morning."

There was a cheery Christian casualness in Sister's voice as, white-clad and

soft of step, she bent over the little wooden box and discussed death with wee Melchior. The box was one in rows of many which ranged about the grey-blue walls of the mud brick crèche.

Canopied with mosquito netting and half-hidden in the twilight, this little girl who had scarcely

begun to live was just beginning to die. She had come, in mortal need of soul and body, only that morning, arriving with the Feast and before the dawn. Sometime during Midnight Mass, when the orphans and Sisters were making the most of their voices, their training and their joy in a *Missa Cantata*, she had been left, unwashed, unattended and unannounced, at the mission compound gate.

A clean faced, brilliant eyed orphan, prancing across the compound to the nursery and a gala feast of fish soup and rice, caught sight of the little bundle and soon it was taken up into the arms of the orphanage family and laid on the heart of the Church who called it, with the Pastor's voice, Melchior, in respect for its wise and wan little face and in celebration of its timely arrival at the Christ Child's Crib. It had come to Christ on the same day Christ came for it, and there was no one in that small square of China who did not feel the charm of that coincidence.

And now, after a day spent between ceremonies and children, at tableaux and tea, with parishioners and pagans, Sister was "at home" again among the smallest and neediest of her whole big family and she was looking with eyes at once professional, motherly and Christian at wee Melchior. She enjoyed this hour. It was busy and grave and quiet; long thoughts came with its lengthening shadows, peace deepened with the swift dusk.

The children's voices came to her, a medley of sweet, clean-cut sounds that rose untouched above an adult and angry altercation in a nearby street. How happy they had been all day. She went through the day with them again, saw the little round mouths singing sweet and careful Latin, the drumming fingers and wiggling toes that waited on the fish soup, the glistening black hair brushed to holiday shimmer, the fine little bodies dressed in the quaint costumes they had effected for the Christmas tableaux. (The Blessed Mother had thrilled every one by forgetting she was "*en tableaux*", and patted the little Jesus very lovingly. St. Joseph had suffered a dreadful moment when his beard came unstuck on the

ABOVE THY DEEP AND DREAMLESS SLEEP

far side, with the terrible threat that it might complete the business and fall to the floor. But, just in time, the screens were paraded across that scene and St. Joseph had time for repairs before the next.)

How dear they all were: Rose Marie, with her Buddha face, nearly circular body and indescribable gestures; Anne Catherine, as slim as bamboo and as swift as a panther in her eagerness to learn, to do, to be; and oldest and dearest, Mary, with her grave manner of mothering and comforting and upholding them all.

The swift twilight was over. Sister lit the lamp and returned for another look at wee Melchior. It struck her suddenly that, here in this little one, circumstance had wonderfully wrought what character would have no time to achieve—a really arresting likeness to Christ. Her look, like His, was hidden and despaired. She had come to her own, and her own had not received her. She had not whereon to lay her head, and in her pain and want she might truly have testified that she had received her wounds in the house of those who loved her.

Small feet pattered to the doorway and paused there. There was the soft sound of a child's swift breathing, then a short laugh, part announcement, part request.

"Come in, Mary."

"May I help, Sister?"

"Indeed you may. You didn't forget the babies even on Christmas night, did you?" She stopped to catch the glad acknowledgment of her praise. "Little Therese there—" and she turned over a list of small commissions to this very small and clever assistant. As they worked she watched Mary, her gravity, her skill, her concern, so full of childish charm and womanly depth.

"Before you go," she said, "say good night to Melchior."

Mary lifted unclouded eyes. "She will die?"

"Yes. So go over, and ask her to remember us to our dear Lord."

Mary looked at wee Melchior. "She breathes funny and she is blue." Then she closed her eyes, folded her hands and whispered softly.

THE FIELD AFAR
makes an inexpensive
and ideal
CHRISTMAS GIFT

*Subscription gift card sent if
desired*

Sister looked at the two children, the symbol of all that, in God, she lived and labored for. One belonged to death and one belonged to life, and both were God's.

"What are you saying, Mary?" The child's face was so full of beauty and thought that, beholding it, her voice was hushed.

"I'm wishing Jesus a Merry Christmas and plenty of fish soup!" answered the angel.

**MITSURU WRITES A
CHRISTMAS LETTER**
MITSURU, a small Japanese
lad at the Maryknoll Mission

in Seattle, had not yet been baptized, but as Christmas drew near he expressed the wish to "write to the Mother of Jesus". His note, at which he labored long and earnestly, read:

"Dear Blessed Mother:

"You are so good that nearly everybody loves you. I will think of you on Christmas morning. You and Jesus and Joseph were in the stable where it was so cold. I wish I were living when Jesus was born, then maybe you could come to my house for the night.

"Your loving child,
Mitsuru."

IN THANKSGIVING

PLEASE help me spread devotion to St. Jude Thaddeus. Through his assistance I obtained help when I didn't have a penny.—*A Reader.*

By this mail I am sending you \$25. Please forward it to Father Joseph Sweeney for the care of the Kongmoon lepers. It is in thanksgiving for a favor received through St. Francis Xavier.—*Portland, Conn.*

Madonna Christmas Cards

**If You Haven't
Bought Your Christmas Cards
Do It Now!**

Lovely in color and design, these
cards can be used for Christmas
greetings and as bookmarks.

Secure them from
THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS
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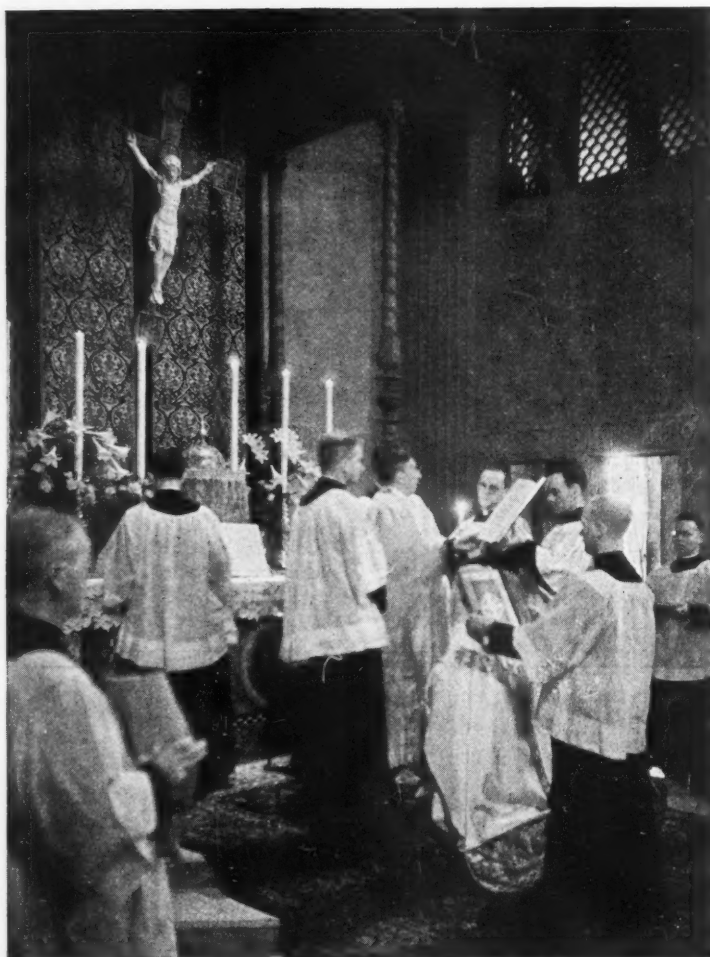


Box of 12 Christmas Cards - - \$1.00

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THE SILENT STARS GO BY;

"Consecrated to Compassion"



ON THE GLAD DAY WHEN MARYKNOLL'S MOST REVEREND FOUNDER AND FATHER CONSECRATED HIS EPISCOPAL SON, BISHOP FRANCIS XAVIER FORD, SHEPHERD OF KAYING, SOUTH CHINA, HE WAS SURROUNDED IN THE SANCTUARY BY REPRESENTATIVES OF HIS SOCIETY'S STANT FIELDS OF CHINA AND KOREA



AS the weeks and months pass we find that the memory of the Home Knoll's great Consecration Day does not dim, and that we continue to take in it "a joy that time will not wear away; that change will not alter."

Eager to share with all our

friends as much as possible of that joy, we reproduce here the sermon preached by one of ours at Bishop Ford's Consecration in which vibrates the Pentecostal flame of a gladness born in heaven.

Most Reverend Father, Your Excellencies and Friends:

The consecration of a Bishop is the ceremony of the visible continuance of

apostolic power in the Church. The Bishops, individually and as a College, personify the godly judgment, the redeeming virtues, the living faith which are the heritage of a God—Christ Our Lord. They propel and extend the divine force of grace—with unremitting purpose and decisive utterance. Throughout the world, theirs is the only voice that is at once vicarious yet final; bringing revelation to interpret and explain confusing aspects of the apparently unrelated, and often tragic, circumstances of daily existence. "He that heareth you heareth Me", Christ said; and Bishops are accordingly consecrated to the Word of God that it may take on a living, human voice from generation to generation. *Exivit sonus eorum in orbem terrarum.*

Humanity is their audience: a simple mankind—childlike even at its worst: a world that seldom forsoes its own folly, yet realizes it in a retrospect wherein the grim, evil design of consequence seems sketched by a hand other than its own. A mankind with aspirations of angels and feet of clay. Struggling to liberate itself, yet doubting its own thought, bewildered by diverse teachings, it is a mankind that, having crucified Christ, seems bent on crucifying itself. A cosmic Jerusalem that will not learn the ways of peace and over whom must still be spoken the petition of pardon—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." To them the Bishop speaks; for such he prays; to their souls he is dedicated—since the High Priest is ordained for man in the things that appertain to God. And whether he speaks near or far, in the language of his homeland or in the uncouth dialect of some barbaric tribe, he is unalterably an apostle, a messenger—a missionary of the glad tidings of great joy, that Christ the Lord was born at Bethlehem.

But not all possess the same evangelical freedom. Some are circumscribed by the juridical functions of their office, by pastoral concerns, by the importunities of a regulated order. Others are Assisian troubadours, singing along the once-forgotten byways of the world, *Hosanna to the Son of David; Hosanna!* They are heralds of a King, with the bounding vitality of sparkling

YET IN THY DARK STREETS SHINETH

faith that finds utterance in an alien tongue. It is the consecration of such a one we happily witness today. The consecration and commission of an apostolic Bishop.

Is he one who is appointed to an exile's death? Yes, by all means. Is that a cause for sorrow? Not at all. Before death shall come, he will preach the Gospel to the poor in spirit whatever their station. He will bear, in anointed hands, the grace of life to restore and renew men in Christ. He will explain, to their incredulous astonishment, the transforming power of the Beatitudes. And from the sepulchres to which paganism has consigned them he will call forth the meek, the mournful and the clean of heart. He brings not the framework of civilization, but charity which is its soul. He speaks not reform nor commandment, but tells his people the unbelievable truth that they are really the children of God. Not for him the vain striving to articulate a social system. Systems are but the charts of a dead endeavor; the lines that appear when life is gone. Is it enough then to preach Christ? Yes, enough today as long ago when Peter preached, and Paul. Many may not heed; their weak hearts may be overwhelmed by the mystery of simplicity. To a distressed world the clear, ringing voice of faith trumpets through the mind but is often sadly lost, like bright melodies once heard and then forgotten in the struggle of living. So, the apostle may pass by with few to note his passing. But the world through which he moves will never be the same again, for with him, unseen, Christ has passed and erased the years of yesterday.

And their journeys together become visitations of everlasting mercy; the missions of an unending tomorrow. And what shall separate them? Shall persecution, ingratitude, loss or loneliness? Shall suffering or sorrow? Ah no, not that. That least of all! For to the afflicted he ministers as to his dedicated ones; to them he is pledged by the motto of his episcopate—*Condolere*. Indeed, they were always his own. Loving with an agony of pity for their pain, he has cared for them with the same gentleness as he would the suffer-



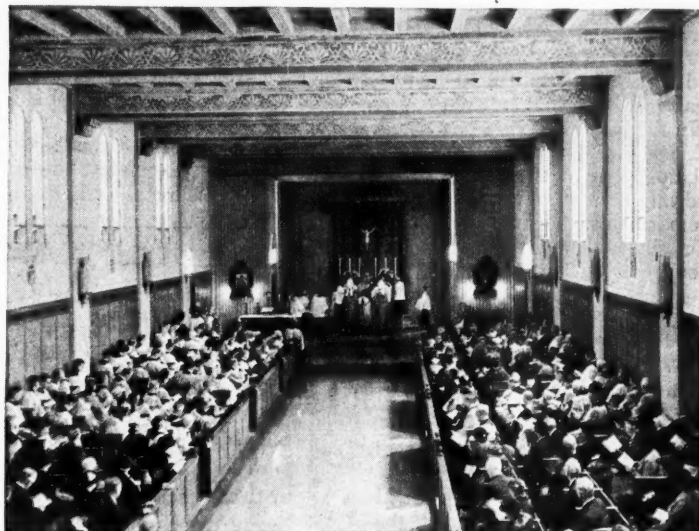
THE TREE AND THE WOLF HOUND ON BISHOP FORD'S COAT OF ARMS REPRESENT THE INSIGNIA AND CREST OF THE FORD FAMILY. THIS HERALDIC DESIGN HAS LONG BEEN IN USE FOR THE ANCIENT IRISH CLAN OF O'CONAMHA, WHICH NAME HAS BEEN ANGLICIZED TO THAT OF FORD. THE CROSS IN BLUE AND RED IS FROM THE SHIELD OF MARYKNOLL. THE FLORAL DESIGN IS THAT OF THE PLUM FLOWER, REPRESENTING THE NAME OF THE CHINESE CITY WHICH IS THE CENTER OF THE KAYING VICARIATE. FOR THE FULL MEANING OF THE MOTTO, "*CONDOLERE*" ("TO HAVE COMPASSION"), SEE THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL TO THE HEBREWS, CHAPTER FIVE, VERSES ONE AND TWO

ing Body of Christ. *Condolere*! He takes it as a promise: we interpret it as a triumph—the triumph of a Compassionate Christ. *To sorrow with—over what? Over children—children who have never known youth nor danced in the radiant dawn of innocence; over men chained with the harsh equality of obligation and never re-*

leased by the sublime inequalities which charity imposes; over women still waiting to be comforted in the knowledge that Mary was the Mother of God. To grieve with them when hopes have become but memories and the fatigue of spent endeavor draws them to the dust; and, while grieving, to console with the refreshment of faith, the kind ease of love and the sympathy of a full affection: to this compassion he is consecrated with episcopal honors.

And upon us the Pentecostal flame of that devotion falls like a benediction. We take joy in him—a joy that time will not wear away; that change will not alter. May the blessing of that joy attend you who are of his family—his friends; and you, reverend clergy and Bishops. And you will bear with me, I know, while the Maryknollers, from the corners of the earth, convey through me this day the tribute of a glad homage and a joyous devotion to their Most Reverend Founder and Father and his episcopal son—Bishop Ford. *Haec dies quam fecit Dominus; exultemus et laetemur in ea.*

TO wish to love God and serve Him without suffering is a delusion.—St. Francis Xavier.



THE SIMPLE YET BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL OF THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' MOTHERHOUSE (THE SEMINARY HAS AS YET NO PERMANENT CHAPEL) WAS AN IDEAL SETTING FOR THE CONSECRATION OF AN APOSTOLIC BISHOP

THE EVERLASTING LIGHT;

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



CHRIST'S Peace—in the agony of fearful forebodings which hangs over the world as this Christmas approaches, how sweet indeed to contemplate is this Peace. Would that it could reign.

In the sorrow of its absence, all mission lovers will have one consolation, that God has led them to dedicate their lives to its diffusion from earth's end to earth's end. We shall all be happy in this thought at the manger.

**This day is born to you a Savior,
Who is Christ the Lord,
in the city of David.**

REMEMBER Sancier—it will remind you of forgetfulness. St. Francis Xavier thundered God's message throughout the East and on December 3, 1552, died practically in solitude on the lonely shore of this island off the

LINES FOR A DRAWING OF OUR LADY OF THE NIGHT

THIS, could I paint my inward sight,
This were Our Lady of the Night:

She bears on her front's lucency
The starlight of her purity:

For as the white rays of that star
The union of all colours are,

She sums all virtues that may be
In her sweet light of purity.

The mantle which she holds on high
Is the great mantle of the sky.

Think, sometimes, 'tis our own Lady
Spreads her blue mantle over thee,

And folds the earth, a wearied thing,
Beneath its gentle shadowing.

—Francis Thompson

(This poem lent inspiration to the beautiful *Lady of the Night* on our front cover; but she is there the *Lady of that Night of Nights* when the *Word* was made flesh and dwelt among us, the *Life* that is the *Light* of men. The *Infant* on Whom she gazes with such tender adoration is the *Same* as *He Who* comes into our hearts at *Midnight Mass*, the *Host* of our salvation. The artist of our cover is a *Maryknoll Sister* to whose talent and consecrated service *THE FIELD AFAR* has for a number of years owed much.)

South China coast.

His was the renunciation of the God of the manger. Great apostles, because they have had great hearts, have experienced the bitterness of loneliness—it is not its

Have You Thought Of It?

IT may be that the gift
the Infant Savior is
asking of you this Christ-
mastide is the gift of
yourself, as an apostle
to those who have never
heard the Good Tidings
of Great Joy.

absence but its mastery which God looks for in them.

And the temptation to feel the pangs of isolation must come occasionally to the Maryknoll missionaries who today on Sancier and in nearby spots continue in the aspirations of Xavier. Give them a prayer.

**Glory to God in the highest;
and on earth peace to men of
good will.**

WE have been asking ourselves these days if by chance our Maryknoll friends are annoyed when, on the approach of Christmas, we send them a reminder of Maryknoll needs and a return envelope to facilitate their getting a "Christ Child" gift back to us.

If any are, we wish to know it. We would feel very sorry if we found that we were misunderstood. Since the very earliest days, it has been the aim of Maryknoll to avoid the tricks which business men call "salesmanship".

THE FIELD AFAR for almost a quarter of a century now has been telling in its simple way the story of the germinating of the Maryknoll seed. Thousands who are close to us follow us month by month and feel inspired from time to time to give a helping hand. Such friends have come to welcome the periodic arrival of our envelope.

We are not trying to pound our way into Catholic homes. We wish to be taken for granted, to be an accepted part of the household, thought of when thoughts turn to the world Church of Christ, helped when any one of the numerous motives which prompt good Catholics to turn to the missionary with a gift presents itself—first of all, the most obvious motive of desiring to save souls, then, such motives as making a sacrifice offering of thanksgiving, of reparation, of petition, or the motive of assisting some soul or souls living or dead.

Please welcome Mr. Maryknoll Envelope. He comes not to impor-

THE HOPES AND FEARS OF ALL THE YEARS

tune, but to take a modest place in the corner to await the pleasure of those whose fine Catholic ideals see in him an agent for good.



WILL it be Pius the Great?

Already some of our writers are applying this title to Our Holy Father, gloriously reigning. That he is great even among the great successors of Peter, the world itself recognizes in its daily press.

His vision is wide as the world, his heart as Catholic as the Church; and with the Church he desires that all shall obtain salvation. It has come as something of a surprise to many that the Librarian-Scholar should prove himself such a force in action; but it is one of his mottoes that from the realm of ideas mighty actions flow. Faith and charity, like the Church, must be catholic, all-embracing; and every Catholic who has the faith should, in the mind of the Pope, have charity for every single pagan who is not yet baptized in the Church.

Such is the spirit which prompted Our Holy Father to insist that the several mission aid societies, such as the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*, the *Holy Childhood Association* and the *Missionary Union of the Clergy*, should be everywhere introduced. Daily prayer for the unconverted should be an element in the life of every Catholic; likewise regular offerings for the work of missions, be the offerings large or ever so small.

Maryknoll Christmas Plays

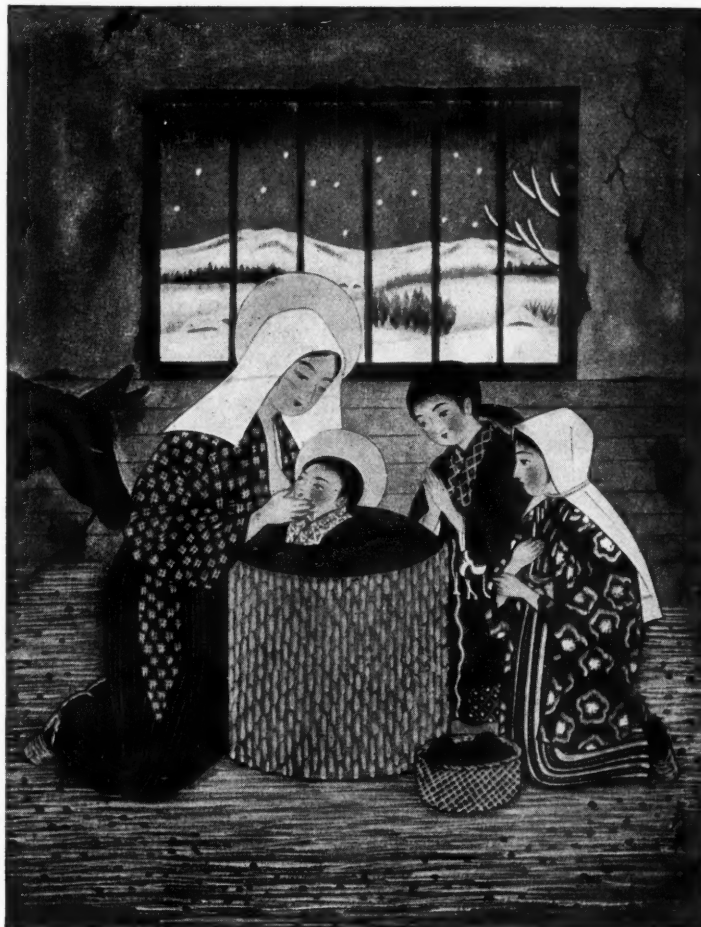
ONE of the worries—though a rather pleasant one, we suspect—of our teaching Sisters and Brothers is the picking of program material for their boys and girls, either for classroom use or for the more elaborate requirements of the school auditorium.

Some day soon we may have a *Maryknoll Dramatic Bureau*, since, as time passes, our repertoire of plays is growing quite

substantially. For Christmas we call attention to the following quartet:

The Christ Child Came For All:
A Christmas Play in Four Acts.

of Seven Characters. Five Copies for 50¢. *The Christ Child's Birthday Party:* A short Christmas Play for Small Boys. Four Copies for 50¢.



JAPAN WORSHIPS THE NEWBORN KING

This lovely Nativity scene is the work of Teresa K. Koseki, one of Japan's talented Catholic artists. Note the curious circular Crib, similar to those actually used in the Land of the Rising Sun. Perhaps the Crib constructed by Father Byrne and our Japanknollers at Otsu will be of this nature!

No less than four copies sold. 25¢ per copy. *Noel:* A One-Act Play. Mixed Cast of Twelve Characters. 25¢ per copy. Twelve copies for \$2.50. *The Black Lamb:* A short Christmas Play for Boys. Cast

The Field Afar for life, \$50

All the above Christmas Plays, published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., Maryknoll, N. Y., are mimeographed. To interested friends our Mission Education Department, Maryknoll, N. Y., will gladly furnish further information.

ARE MET IN THEE TONIGHT. — PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The Romance of Christmas Along the



AT SIAOLOK, IN BISHOP FORD'S SOUTH CHINA KAYING FIELD, A GRACIOUS LITTLE CHINESE MADONNA AND HER REVERENT COMPANION RE-ENACT THE OLD, OLD STORY, EVER NEW



CHRISTMAS last year was brought closer in its sacred significance to Siaolok's thirteen hundred Christians by a play. Siaolok, in Bishop Ford's South China Kaying field, is one of the most compact Christian communities in that sector of China. The Christians of other communities, though

they may boast large numbers, are scattered over a parish often larger than a county in the United States, while Siaolok's flock is centered either in the village about the mission, or within a radius of two or three miles. So, in the midst of pagan surroundings, Siaolok's celebration of Christmas is unique, rather than typical of the mission field as a whole.

A Maryknoll Kayinger wrote as follows of the play:

For two days previous the Christians

had been building a stage in the courtyard of the mission compound. The material for this and the costumes had been begged, borrowed, or rented, and while the resulting theater had none of the magnificence of an American show house, it was sufficient for its purpose. The portion of the compound reserved for the audience was divided into two sections by a high wooden partition, in accordance with Chinese custom. The women were to occupy the right half, while the men were allotted the left portion. Incidentally, the same distinction always prevails here in any public gathering. In the church the women and girls occupy the Epistle side and the men and boys the Gospel side.

By seven-thirty Christmas Eve all was ready for the little play the girls of the village under the guidance of Sister Joan Miriam, one of the four Maryknoll Sisters stationed here, were to put on. From back stage came sounds of bustle and laughter that bespoke last minute preparations. Then the curtains were drawn and the audience grew tense.

Several tableaux were presented, picturing the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the coming of the Shepherds, and the arrival of the Three Wise Men with their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. All was very well done, thanks to the patience of Sister Joan Miriam.

At the conclusion of the little play our Chinese novices sang the *Gloria in Excelsis* from back stage, while the entire cast stood on the stage and joined in whenever they knew the words. It was a great success, and surely must have added to the fervor with which the Christians attended Mass a few hours later.

After the play one hundred and twenty of our schoolboys were formed into line, and to each a lighted Chinese lantern was given. Brass cymbals and some drums were requisitioned to beat time for the procession, which filed out of the compound and over the rice fields. When they had gone a little way the procession could be viewed as a whole, and the long line of dancing lights, dotted here and there by larger illuminated stars and accompanied by the rhythmic beat of the drums, formed a truly picturesque vision against the background of the nearby mountains.

ng t Far-Flung Maryknoll Mission Trail

The procession lasted well over an hour, fading in the distance and then circling around to approach the mission from the opposite direction. By this time the children were fairly tired, and they scampered quickly to bed for an hour's sleep before Midnight Mass.

At eleven-thirty the big bell began to ring, all hastened to the church, and soon the seats and aisles were filled to capacity. At midnight the Mass began. The choir sang with great devotion. At Communion about seven hundred welcomed the newborn King into their hearts.

To our Christians there is but one regrettable feature in a High Mass. The singing renders the chanting of their Mass prayers impossible. Since this has long been a custom in China, its lack was a sacrifice. However, they returned in the morning for another Mass, and joined in the public prayers to their hearts' content and with a fervor that is admirable. Then they went home again to pay nature's tribute to sleep.

In the afternoon the Christians returned to the church. Again it was filled, this time so much so that it was necessary to put a hundred and thirty of the boys in the sanctuary. Even so, there were still some who had to remain out of doors. First came the recitation of the Rosary, followed by Solemn Benediction. At its close all joined in reciting the Divine Praises.

Not unlike the "*Brightness of God*" shining out on the hills of Judea and the wondering shepherds centuries ago was the Siaolok celebration of Christmas in a pagan land.

Half of Pantien Welcomes The Christ Child

IN the Kweilin sector of the Maryknoll Wuchow mission field in South China, taken over from the French Fathers only a few years ago, a group of Monsignor Meyer's priests are specializing in Mandarin, rather than in the Cantonese which is spoken further south in the Prefecture Apostolic. One of these pioneers, Father Francis Keelan, of Belmont, Mass., recorded as follows the coming of the Infant Savior to Pantien, a village of the Kweilin district:

Father Regan, the pastor of the Pantien mission, asked for an extra priest for Christmas. At Kweilin one priest could satisfy the needs of the small congregation, so Father Romaniello farmed me out to Pantien. Leaving the Imperial City, I embarked on a rollicking bus ride over a humpty dumpty road, compared to which the rocky road to Dublin would look like the Bronx Parkway.

Having made sure that I was still all together after this episode, I checked in at a Chinese inn for a night's rest, and, at the first hint of daylight, started out for the next bus station. But there was no room for me on that bus, so I had to cover the remaining twenty-six miles on my own power. On my arrival I found a note from the pastor, saying that he had left for a neighboring village.

Christianity came to Pantien, a little village nearly two hours' distance from the nearest bus road, about thirty years

ago. Today there are seventy-five or more Catholics, or one half the village. The other half is still pagan. But despite this pagan half there is a distinctly Catholic atmosphere. Morning, noon, and night, the Angelus sounds over the village, calling the people to Mass and prayers. Low-lying rice fields, interlaced with narrow paths, sprawl out toward a line of undulating hills that hide it from the rest of the country. There is a quiet, peaceful air about the place that is a reminder of Bethlehem.

Christmas Eve was a beautifully calm day, like May at Maryknoll. An old man from another village walked in around noon with a duck under his arm. It was his Christmas present to the priest. Later another Christian came along carrying a couple of chickens, his donation. The duckling got ugly and chased the chickens all over the place, while the duck quacked and the chickens clucked, and two roosters,



DOLLS MADE OF DOUGH ATTRACT FASCINATED ADMIRERS IN THE STREETS OF DOSING, A CITY OF THE MARYKNOLL KONGMOON SOUTH CHINA VICARIATE WHERE FATHER OTTO RAUSCHENBACH, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., IS PIONEERING FOR CHRIST AND SOULS



AT SAIHO, THE PRESENT LOCATION OF MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA'S CENTER HOUSE, MONSIGNOR MORRIS PRESIDES OVER A BANQUET FOR DELEGATES TO THE CATHOLIC ACTION CONFERENCE. NOTE THE STRANGE (TO US) ARRAY OF DISHES

the original residents of the yard, crowded lustily. Fortunately none of the other Christians brought livestock, so the duck waddled up and down contentedly.

We had a small Crib in the chapel. The cook and the house boy constructed it, but they couldn't agree on final details. The former, being filled with the Christmas spirit, was for crowding



MARYKNOLLERS IN JAPAN BENEFIT BY CONVERSATION WITH BISHOP ROSS, S.J., THE VICAR APOSTOLIC OF HIROSHIMA. TO THE LEFT ARE FATHER WHITLOW, OF NEW YORK CITY, AND FATHER FELSECKER, OF MILWAUKEE, WIS. FATHER BRIGGS, OF BOSTON, IS LOOKING ON THE BOOK WITH BISHOP ROSS

in everything, including the Wise Men, but the house boy had a better sense of proportion and a more accurate knowledge of history, so he insisted on calling the priest and was thoroughly satisfied with himself when the latter decided in his favor.

When the bell for Midnight Mass sounded, the one hundred or more Christians who were present elbowed their way into the chapel, which was hardly large enough for fifty. A few minutes before Mass the hay in the Crib caught fire. Someone had placed a lantern too close, but we rescued the Holy Family and put out the blaze before too much damage resulted.

It is hard to forget in a hurry attachments and surroundings that have grown familiar with the years. How can the newly ordained priest forget the renewal of Bethlehem in all the gorgeous setting it takes on in the homeland Seminary? And how can he sing the songs of Sion in a strange land? Nevertheless, neither can his soul be cast down nor disquieted. *How lovely are Thy Tabernacles, even Thine Altars, O Lord of hosts—Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house; they shall be ever praising Thee.* It matters not whether He comes down in a mud-brick chapel or a magnificent cathedral; difference of place does not alter the nature of His coming. To a Catholic there can be no real difference; it is Christmas, it is Holy Night, it is Jesus in the Holy Sacrifice, the Same yesterday, today, and forever.

There were about fifty Communions at the Midnight Mass, and among those who approached the Altar were four old ladies who, like the aged Simcon, had waited a long time to receive Him. They had just been baptized, and all of them were well past the half century mark. But they could now hold their souls in peace, for their eyes had seen the Salvation of Israel.

After Mass the Christians sang their Christmas hymn; then there was a midnight supper and all hurried off in little groups into the darkness. And then the same stars that hung over Bethlehem looked down through the silent watches of the night upon this tiny village where the Glad Tidings of Great Joy had been heard in much the same surroundings as those in which they

were announced nineteen centuries ago.

The First Catholic Broadcast In Manchukuo

AN unforgettable experience of last Christmastide in the great port city of Dairen, Manchukuo, was relayed to the Home Knoll as follows by a Maryknoll Sister stationed there:

This year Christmas was especially memorable. Our choir had been invited to sing over the radio. We (the mixed choir, the two priests and several of the Sisters) went to the broadcasting station at half past seven. At eight we began the most thrilling broadcast.

Father Murrett played the organ. We sang parts from Dr. Sangar's Mass, and, of course, *Silent Night* (in Japanese) and *Adeste Fideles* and *Ave Maria*. Fathers Murrett and Ryan sang a duet, *Puer Natus Est*.

The most wonderful part of it all was when Father Ryan sang the *Christmas Preface*. You would have been thrilled to hear it. He sang it beautifully, slowly and clearly; and our listening was a prayer, for we echoed every word he said with all our hearts. It was an awesome feeling to realize what we were doing in a pagan city, in a pagan land.

I thought of St. Francis of Assisi. How he must have rejoiced!

Midnight Mass In Sin Pin's Little Chapel

A YOUNG American missionary's first Christmas in the Orient is beautifully described in the following lines by Father George Haggerty, once of St. Johnsville, N. Y., and now of Maryknoll-in-Manchukuo:

When we started out for our Midnight Mass a soft blanket of snow had fallen, and a full moon on this new snow made all bright as day.

Our little chapel had taken on a new appearance. The decorations were not the traditional holly wreaths, nor laurel ropes; rarely does one see any kind of tree in this land, let alone an evergreen. No, our trimmings consisted chiefly of paper lanterns, of all shapes, sizes and symbols. Most of them had religious motifs, but now and then one noticed

something which seemed a bit alien, as, for instance, a huge ocean liner over one door. But then, perhaps this was the ship which brought the *Shen Fu* (Spiritual Father), to these people.

With candles aglow in each of these lanterns, banners hung on the side walls, the little Crib—humble, but all the more real therefore, and most inspiring—the sanctuary adorned with our best, and the rows of eager, adoring faces, surely



AT CH'IAO T'OU IN MANCHUKUO, MARYKNOLL'S FATHER ALONSO ESCALANTE, OF NEW YORK CITY AND YUCATAN, MEXICO, SHOWS TWO LITTLE ONES HOW CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO PRAY IN THE "STARRY FLAG COUNTRY"

nowhere was the Infant more royally received.

The chapel walls were actually bulging; every bit of space was occupied and usually by more than one person. There were youngsters all over, around the sanctuary, overflowing into the little sacristy.

THE FIELD AFAR and Maryknoll Books make ideal Christmas gifts that will last throughout the year. For the list of books, see this issue's back cover.

ALONG THE MARYNOLL TRAIL,

Father Gerard Donovan had generously given the curate the privilege of singing Midnight Mass. Many wonderful experiences have come to this curate, but in the first rank is placed this, his first Midnight Mass, sung here in the little chapel at Sin Pin. This was the mission where Father Bridge labored so zealously for souls, and he must have smiled down on us from heaven tonight.

Happy and Busy Days at Masan

NOWHERE are Catholics more generous in the support of their pastors than in Korea, from which privileged sector of the fields afar our Father George Carroll, of New York City, wrote as follows:

At Christmas we received, among other things, four pheasants, ten chickens, five boxes of oranges, and two hundred eggs. Not so bad, eh? These poor people are like the widow in the Gospel, who "gave her all".

Christmas found Masan a very busy place. We had the pleasure of offering over 415 Communion to the Christ Child.

"My new curate", Father Nolan, said his Christmas Masses at two of our mission stations, where I had previously gone to hear the confessions. He returned on Christmas morning, and we had a very happy day together. We spoke of the old times at the Home Knoll and at the Venard, and, although in body we were far away, in mind we were with you all in the homeland. In Him we shall always be united.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Chaplet For Mary—

A Book of Poems, by Edith Tatum. Published by the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, 328 West 71st Street, New York City. Price fifty cents a copy, postpaid.

Eucharistic Whisperings, Volume VI—

Adapted from the German translation by Father Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Published by the Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nazianz, Wis. Cloth binding, seventy-five cents; paper binding, thirty-five cents. Postage extra.

China's Eyes Are Opened

By Father Joseph Ryan, M.M., of Worcester, Mass.



A NIGHT VIEW OF ELECTRICALLY ILLUMINED HONG KONG
Chinese students returning from abroad bring with them the determination to give to their people the uses of modern invention



O one returning to the United States after a number of years in China nothing seems so strange as the fact that his countrymen know so little about China and the Chinese. He becomes aware soon after his arrival in the States that to most Americans China is a land of strange people with even stranger customs, a land where chop suey is the national dish and petty war lords and bandits are masters of all they survey, in fact that it is commonly held that they are the ruling power in that immense country where each and everyone of the hundreds of millions of people is but a step removed from barbarity.

In all this the average American is of course mistaken. Chop suey is not known in China, except in the large ports where it is served to meet the demands of foreigners living in or visiting China. The days when the war lords collected an army around themselves and ruled the country

by force have passed. Bandits there are, but it is questionable whether in a given year there are more cases of banditry and kidnapping in China than in the United States. These offenses are yearly growing fewer and fewer due to China's counterpart to our Lindberg Law, which carries a death penalty for banditry and kidnapping.

Apparent Contradictions—

That people in this country should not have a clear mental picture of the Chinese is probably due to the fact that the latter possess combinations of contrary qualities which makes the understanding of them difficult. They are literally as simple as doves and as wise as serpents; peace loving, yet courageous warriors; until recently illiterate, yet cultured; unmodern, yet preserving an ancient civilization; a nation appar-

MAY the Infant Savior of the World express to you on Christmas Day the gratitude of all Maryknollers !

ently divided, but extremely nationalistic; the poorest of the poor, yet perfectly contented, not because of laziness or lack of ambition but stoically accepting what is their lot because they know of no better.

The differences of temperament between the white and the yellow race are even more marked than these apparent contradictions which we find in the Oriental, but year after year the Chinese are being gradually more and more westernized. This is not to be taken as implying that China is becoming civilized—she passed that point centuries ago, in fact long before the European nations could be called civilized.

China's Eyes Are Opened—

China is taking from the West, not her civilization, but her modernization. The Revolution of 1911 found China among the most outmoded countries of the world. Manchu domination had kept under subjection an intelligent and capable people to such an extent that they were ignorant of the world about them, unlettered and uninventive, satisfied with old methods and antiquated conveniences of life because they knew no other. They considered the rest of the world as barbarian, little realizing that, during the centuries of separation from the rest of the world, the other nations had reached their level and surpassed them.

All of this has gone. The eyes of China have been opened. The shackles which bound her have been broken, and day by day she advances to take her place where she rightly belongs, as a first class nation among the powers of the world. Constantly the Chinese are growing more like to the foreigner, retaining of course national traits and customs—and before long a traveler in China will find only minor differences such as he would find in any European country. This change has been gradual since 1911, but gaining momentum, until today in every section of China this modernization and adoption of western methods can be noticed.

Chinese students returning from abroad are not content to live a life of ease as were their scholars of old, to sit and meditate on the classics, but they have brought and are bringing

BECAUSE LOVERS OF THE DIVINE INFANT IN THE HOMELAND

with them the spirit of the West, the desire for progress, and the determination to give to their people the conveniences which they found abroad and the uses of modern invention which will aid the nation as a whole to raise itself to a more modern and higher level.

A Change Both Spiritual and Material—

This material advance in China is encouraging to those of us who are more interested in the spiritual than in the material development of China. The modernization of China will aid those engaged in the evangelization of the

IF the religion of Christ is worth anything, it is worth everything. The consistent Catholic seeks to spread his Faith.

their temples the people are more ready to listen, more ready to accept the religious doctrine of others.

This willingness to accept the Catholic doctrine has been most marked in the last decade, when an annual increase of more than 55,000 persons has been recorded. The Catholic Church

ingness to accept ideas, ideals and their very mode of life from foreigners. The substitution of Catholicism for the ancient superstitions of China is not now a difficult matter for the individual, since the nation as a whole is ready to accept what is foreign, and side by side the material and the spiritual change goes on to form a new China.

A Possibility—

Where will the material progress of China cease? Will her immense manpower of 400,000,000, together with her vast natural resources, enable her, as has been suggested in a recent editorial,



HAULING A BOAT BY MAN POWER ALONG ONE OF CHINA'S GREAT WATERWAYS
China's millions of poorest of the poor have been stoically contented with their lot, not from lack of ambition, but because they knew of no better one

country. To accept the customs, practices and manners of a people is to accept the people. Thus the Chinese, in accepting a modernized method of life from the Westerner, is more inclined to accept his doctrines than was formerly the case. It matters not whether these doctrines be scientific, political or religious.

The ancient superstitions of China have ceased to affect the great majority of the people, temples have been destroyed, and the brick and stone used in the construction of schools. Without

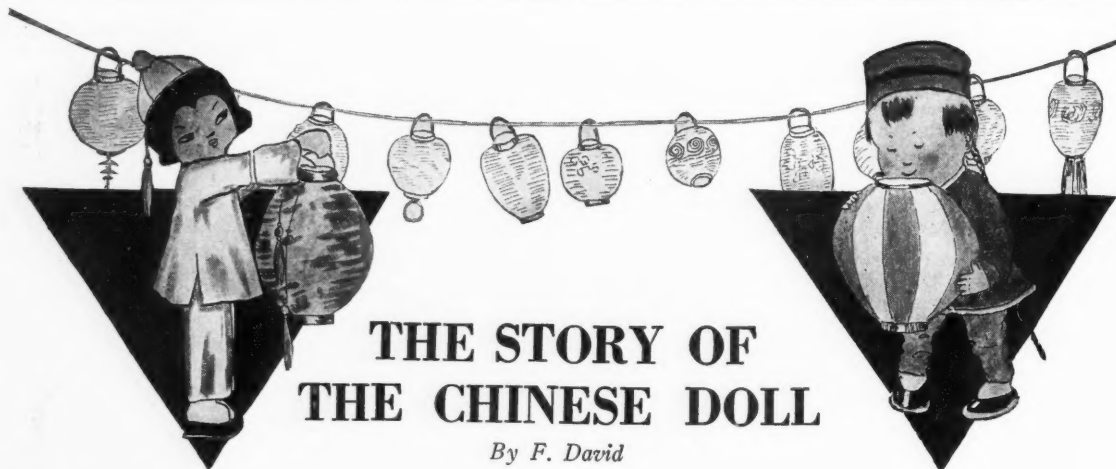
in China today numbers over 3,000,000 souls—governed by approximately 100 Bishops, of whom 20 are Chinese; 4,000 Priests, of whom 1,700 are Chinese; and aided by 5,000 Nuns, of whom 3,000 are Chinese.

Mass movements toward Catholicism in some sections give the hope of a Catholic China. If we look for a reason for this apparent change of attitude on the part of the Chinese, it might be found in the changed attitude of the people as a whole toward foreigners and things foreign, their present will-

to become the great central power of the world, so that she will be in reality what she calls herself, "*The Central Kingdom*", and the rest of the world her vassals?

This is of course possible in time, and this possibility makes the evangelization of China the more urgent, so that if such should eventuate the world would find China a Catholic nation governed by Catholic principles, and carrying on her international relations on the same Catholic principles.

HAVE BEEN MINDFUL OF HIS APOSTLES IN THE FIELDS AFAR.



THE STORY OF THE CHINESE DOLL

By F. David



NOEL, Noël, get up, it's Christmas morning!" A small boy of six, hair unbrushed, face rosy from sleep and still in his Teddy bear pajamas, shook vigorously his sleeping twin. Eager as he was to discover what lay below the Christmas tree, he would not go down without that loved little lady.

The yellow curls stirred on the pillow, then laughing brown eyes looked into his blue ones. In a jiffy, a fairylike wee maid stood by the small boy, and hand in hand they crept down the stairs. In a neighboring room their parents heard their excited whispering and smiled at each other. They would come down after a bit, they understood that this first ecstasy of Christmas adventure needed no audience of grown-ups, however beloved.

The hall below was in darkness except for a glorious, leaping log fire. Later on the Christmas tree would be blazing with lights, but the twins preferred it as it was now, a fragrant thing of mystery and delight, with the firelight dancing on its tinsel and golden stars. Two long-drawn sighs of perfect bliss, and then a whoop from the small boy, "Come on, Noël, you start first, let's explore."

By an unspoken agreement—the twins had no need of words to know each other's minds—no packages were opened until Mamma and Papa came down. That made the "exploring" a hundred times more exciting.

"Gosh, Noël," from the small boy, "I bet you anything it's a pair of skates." "Oh Paul!" thrilled the higher, sweeter voice of the wee maid, "A book! It must be the Blue Fairy Book, and I'm sure it's even nicer than the Yellow."

The childish dialogue of rapture went on while father and mother stole softly to the head of the stairs and stood hand in hand, fixing in their memories and hearts an image which the passing

years would only render more poignantly dear and precious.

At length there came a moment when the mother's fingers pressed tightly the father's hand. Noël was foraging close by the fireplace, in the spot where a new Christmas Crib had been so painstakingly decorated. Another second and the child's cry of reverent love and adoration brought a mist to their eyes: "Paul, Paul, look here! The sweetest, prettiest Baby Jesus! Look how He's smiling at us and holding out His arms."

Then came the discovery of the lantern at the Crib's entrance. Paul lit it by sticking a small bit of kindling wood into the fire, then returned to the delights of exploring. But his twin remained kneeling before the Crib, her little hands joined in prayer and her brown eyes softly radiant.

"Noël, Noël, do look here," from Paul. "The funniest looking doll you ever saw. See that hair cut. And do its eyes slant! Tell you what, I believe it's Chinese. Don't you remember how Mamma was explaining to us about a great big country on the other side of the world called China, and how the people there have yellow faces and straight black hair and slanting eyes? Bet you anything Santa had a long trip with that doll. Wish to goodness he'd come sometime before I have to go to bed. He'd come over Mount Pisgah, I know, right where it reaches up high-

THE MISSIONER'S CHRISTMAS

American missionaries in the Orient look forward all the year to Christmas remembrances from the folks at home. Have you a foreign missionary on your Christmas list?

Your gift to the missions is a gift to Christ.

IF YOU, TOO, WOULD LIGHT CHRISTMAS CANDLES

est into the sky. Yesterday I watched and watched while the sun went down behind the mountain and the sky got all shiny like Mamma's necklace. Once I thought I saw the reindeers coming, but it was only a tiny, black cloud."

Noël was examining the Chinese doll with breathless interest. "Isn't it the dearest little girl, Paul?" she said. "You know, I don't think Santa ever brought any doll as pretty as she is, it's a gift from the Baby Jesus over there."

Paul snorted. "Gee, Noël!" he exclaimed with masculine superiority, "what makes you so dumb? Don't you remember Mamma said the Chinese children don't even *know* about the Baby Jesus?"

Noël fixed startled eyes on her brother, into which slowly great tears came. "They don't *know* about Jesus? Oh, the poor, poor little girls and boys! He wants them I'm sure. Mamma said He loves every little child."

A moment longer her parents saw her gaze through tears at the Chinese doll, then she gathered it up and with a rush laid it in the manger at the Divine Infant's feet.

"There, dear Baby Jesus," she said, "I give her to You, and when I am grown up I will go over to China and tell all those poor boys and girls about You."

In the darkness upstairs the mother heard the earnestness of that sweet, childish voice, and a sword of mingled joy and sadness pierced her heart. Years ago she too had known dreams of the fields afar.

But Paul cried out and seized his sister by the hand. "You wouldn't leave me, Noël, would you?" There was an agony of childish woe in the question. She was his dearest, and life without her was unthinkable.

The brown eyes of the little girl looked into his with an answering agony of compassion, but with the light of some inner brightness from which Paul instinctively felt himself to be shut out.

"If He wants me to go," she said pointing with small, solemn fingers to the Divine Infant, "I will have to leave everyone for Him."

The little fellow snatched the Chinese doll from the Crib and flung it far away. Then he burst into a passion of tears and would not be comforted. He

was jealous of the Baby Jesus, of the Infant Prince of Peace.

* * * * *

On a Christmas morning forty years later Paul Desmond sat alone at his fireside, his childish jealousy of the Son of God grown into a black hatred. On his lap lay a note handed to him by his son Donat, his only child, as the latter



"WHEN I AM GROWN UP, DEAR BABY JESUS," SAID NOEL, "I WILL GO OVER TO CHINA AND TELL ALL THOSE POOR BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT YOU"

had gone out to Mass with his mother. Paul had made no move to accompany them, it was twenty years since he had been to Mass, not since word of Noël's death had come from China.

"Dear Dad," ran the note, "I hope

you will not be too disappointed in me. You always intended me to take over your law business, I know, and I've worked hard at it at Harvard. But I'm sure now I never could make a success of my life that way. I want to be a priest. Please, Dad, don't mind it too much when I enter the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll. It's Christmas Day, Dad, give me to the Great Founder of the Feast."

So, there it was, the same cursed, cruel nonsense of foreign missions which had darkened forty years of his life.

As Noël had blossomed into girlhood and young womanhood, Paul had never forgotten the Chinese doll and the sick fear of that Christmas morning when he was six years old. In fact, the fear grew with his passionate love of his twin. At the age of eighteen Noël, a bright, beautiful creature, and the life of every gathering, entered a foreign mission sisterhood. Paul would not say good-bye to her, nor did he go to bid her farewell when three years later she left for China. He never wrote to her; and, five years after, the news came of her death in that distant land. Paul, already married and a successful young lawyer, never from that day entered a Catholic church.

He was sincerely attached to his wife, a charming and gracious Catholic lady, but with her he had no such union of soul as had been the case with Noël. In time she bore him a son, and Donat became the second great love of his father's life. Paul remained in the old home after his parents' death, and rebuilt his life on the hopes he placed in his talented, handsome, and healthy son.

The lad returned his father's love, but as the years passed a barrier marred their mutual understanding. Donat was deeply Christian, and could not achieve perfect union with one hostile to Christ. And now, when the Love of Christ had called him from the career of worldly success mapped out for him by his father, the young man sorrowfully feared that they had come to a parting of the ways.

Even so, he could scarcely have foreseen the storm of rage and hatred which shook Paul Desmond. After a bit he crossed to his desk, took up a piece of

note paper, and wrote with shaking hand: "Donat, if you leave Harvard and enter the Foreign Mission Seminary, you are no longer my son. I never wish to see you again. You can take your choice."

Paul folded the note and went upstairs to place it in his son's room. Then he would go out, so that the boy would not have an opportunity of speaking with him again until he had read it. Furious as he was, he could not face the thought of angry words with Donat.

He pushed open the door of Donat's little study, which he found illumined by a cosy fire. His wife had doubtless ordered it kindled there for Christmas cheer, he thought, with a curious tightening round the heart. Walking over to his son's desk his eye fell on two objects alongside the hearth—a Christmas Crib and a Chinese doll. He stopped dead in his tracks, and for a moment all went black before him.

When the faintness passed, he went over to the hearth and examined the objects. Yes, undoubtedly, they were the same, but why this stupid dread as if he had seen a ghost? The explanation was simple. Donat had merely come across them in some forgotten closet where all these years they had been stored away. He knew that it was asinine, but all his rage suddenly concentrated on the doll and the figure of his hated Rival, the Divine Infant. He would at least give himself the satisfaction of smashing them.

He had seized the doll when suddenly, with piercing distinctness and reality, there came to him the high, sweet accents of a child's voice—Noël's voice. "Paul, dearest brother, give the Baby Jesus His Chinese doll. Forty years ago, you took it away from Him, and He has been asking you for it ever since. Put it back in the Crib, my dear one, and you will find again me and Donat and Peace in Him."

Terror-stricken, yet with passionate longing, Paul searched the shadows round the hearth. He could see nothing, yet he was certain that the compassionate, pleading eyes of the tiny, bright haired maid were fixed on his and his whole being sensed the fragrance of her childish presence.

SPREAD the name of Maryknoll with Christmas Seals.

He wanted to yield, but all the old jealousy rose up in one final, desperate resistance. "Noël," he said, "how can I do what you ask of me? Giving the doll really means giving Donat, and then I shall have nothing."

"Paul, dear Paul," pleaded that loved and long silent voice, "trust me, trust Him. To have All, you must give all."

The man made a great gesture of love and surrender, and taking up the

he was reunited in the Divine Love with Noël, Christmas and Donat—Gift of God.

He did not hear Donat when the young man opened the door, and, seeing his father on his knees before the Christmas Crib, paused in incredulous wonder. But when the trembling hand of his son touched him on the shoulder, and looking up he saw in the pale young face the dawning of an overwhelming joy, he drew the lad down beside him and for a long while neither could speak.

Then suddenly Paul remembered something so glorious that it took his breath away. He looked at his watch. Yes, there was time. "Donat," he said, "I expect you won't mind attending another Mass. There'll be just about time for me to hunt up one of the Fathers and go to Confession. Then I'll be able to receive my Christmas Communion, the first in twenty years. Come along now, when you're over there in China you won't be able to attend Mass on Christmas Day with your old father."

As they rose from their knees Donat suddenly took note of the curious position of the Chinese doll, and something of the significance of it came to him. "Dad," he exclaimed, "you splendid old Dad, how perfectly sporting of you to put it there." Then he choked, and could add no more.

"Remind me this afternoon, Donat," said his father, "to tell you the Story of the Chinese Doll. It has a very simple title, only three words, but it's taken me forty years to discover it. It's the Spirit of Christmas, son, *God is Love.*"

IT "GETS A GRIP"

THE magazine seems to get a grip on one.—*Flushing, L. I.*

We do not forget the many happy moments Maryknoll has given us through THE FIELD AFAR.—*Minneapolis, Minn.*

It would be superfluous for me to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. It is a fine tribute to all missionary work.—*East Dedham, Mass.*



ROSE, THE FIRST ABANDONED WAIF RECEIVED AT LOTING, SOUTH CHINA, BY MARYKNOLL'S LATE FATHER DANIEL McSHANE, "APOSTLE OF THE BABES", IS HERE SHOWN MOTHERING ANOTHER ORPHAN. ROSE WAS FOURTEEN LAST AUGUST, AND HAS NOW ENTERED AT KONGMOON BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH'S NOVITIATE FOR NATIVE SISTERS. "I AM SURE FATHER McSHANE IS VERY HAPPY," WRITES ONE OF THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS STATIONED AT LOTING

Chinese doll which the boy forty years ago had flung from the Crib he laid it with a firm hand at the Divine Infant's feet. In the same instant every vestige of bitterness fell from his soul, and with the smile of the Prince of Peace

AS A GIFT TO YOUR NEWBORN KING,

A Christmas Outcast Finds "Room At The Inn"

By Father Leo Steinbach, of Chariton, Iowa, Maryknoll missionary in Korea



THE following true Christmas story by Father Leo Steinbach, of Chariton, Iowa, and Maryknoll-in-Korea, partakes of all that mankind has ever known or conceived of

and one of them rendered a beautiful selection at the organ. As the Sisters were returning to their convent, they met by the wayside a miserable beggar. One of them came back to the Mission at once to inform us.

Two Japanese Christians and I went immediately to see the beggar. He was a Korean, one of the most wretched

the beggar was insane. In spite of this, we took him in. The man was obedient, and didn't whimper when another beggar administered a hair cut with a jack knife. That is the Korean fashion.

Then they gave the man a new set of clothes, which I had them buy. His shoes were nothing to brag about, but they will serve the purpose when I give



FATHER STEINBACH, TWO MARYKNOLL SISTERS, AND SOME OF THE PATIENTS AT HIS RECENTLY OPENED HOSPICE FOR THE SICK POOR IN PENG YANG CITY, KOREA

the Beautiful and the Good: the kiss imprinted on the leper's lips by Saint Francis of Assisi, Saint Peter Claver's healing touch on the wounds of poor black slaves, the Smile of the Infant Savior of the World on heartsick and suffering humanity:

On Christmas afternoon we had an entertainment in the kindergarten building. The Maryknoll Sisters attended,

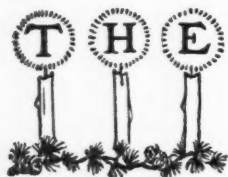
sights I have ever beheld. His hair evidently had not been cut for at least a year. There was snow on the ground and it was very cold, but, in spite of that, the man had only a very few thin rags to cover his shivering body. He was continually scratching lice and fleas, as these vermin found a paradise in his filthy person.

Through a young Korean who acted as an interpreter, we discovered that

him a pair of socks.

As one can imagine, the poor man looks like a new person, and has taken his place among the rest of the refugees at the Mission. Being privileged to find such an outcast on Christmas Day made me feel very happy, for Our Lord has said that we do it for Him when we do it for the beggar. It was a perfect Christmas, and the happiest of my life.

SUSTAIN A KINDLER OF THE LIGHTS, A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER,



Headliners—



IN September, under the enthusiastic direction of Father O'Melia, of Philadelphia, Pa., and the Kongmoon Vicariate, the Language School for the Maryknoll missionaries of South China opened its doors in the new house at *Stanley, Hong Kong*. The new building, which is serving also the purpose of a Procure and a Rest House, is winning unanimous praise. Our readers will recall, from last month's frontispiece, the appearance and site of Maryknoll-at-Stanley.

¶In September also, two Maryknoll Sisters were welcomed to Monsignor Meyer's Maryknoll Wuchow Mission in South China, where, in the city of *Pingnam*, they will take charge of the prenovitiate for girls preparing for a native sisterhood, the women's catechist school, and the women's catechumenate. They are the first Maryknoll Sisters to undertake mission work in Kwangsi Province.

¶In October the hierarchy of Korea, with the Apostolic Delegate presiding, met at *Peng Yang* for the Annual Conference. This year's meeting place is also the Center Mission of Maryknoll-in-Korea. Ways and means of promoting "Catholic Action" in the peninsula were earnestly studied. The days preceding the Conference, September 30 to October 2, were marked by a grandiose observance of the 150th Anniversary of the establishment of Catholicism in Korea.

Kongmoon (South China) Holds a Novena at Xavier's Shrine—

¶At *Sancian Island* off the coast of

South China, where on December 3, 1552, St. Francis Xavier died with his dimming gaze fixed on the great mainland he longed to evangelize, Maryknoll's Father Robert Cairns conducts a Public Novena at the Xavier Shrine, closing on December third. There is daily Mass at the Shrine. At noon prayers are recited and a sermon is preached at the Mission Church. At four another pilgrimage is made to the Memorial Shrine for litanies and the Novena prayers, and each night at six the devotions are closed with Benediction in the Mission Church. All these Masses and prayers are offered for Maryknoll benefactors.

Kaying (South China) Enters On Another Year—

¶**A**T the Home Knoll Kaying's newly consecrated Bishop Ford announces plans for the building of another three convents for the *Maryknoll Sisters* in his Vicariate, who will continue and intensify their program of direct evangelization of the women and girls.

¶Father John Callan, at *Hingning*, is hoping that a "ship will soon come in". He has a number of pagans enrolled for the study of the doctrine, but lacks the means to maintain his catechumenate.

¶At *Siaolok* Father Thomas Malone writes of a local seminarian who has graduated from Bishop Ford's Minor Seminary in Kaying, and who this year

WHY not secure this Christmastide for a dear departed one a Perpetual Associate Membership in Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America?

The offering required is fifty dollars, and payments may be extended over a period of two years.

AT THE COST OF \$1 A DAY.

is attending the Major Seminary at Hong Kong. "He is a fine fellow," says Father Malone. During the past summer vacation weeks this future Chinese priest took charge of a group of pagans who had come to study the doctrine at the Siaolok Mission. He borrowed Father Down's alarm clock and had them on a regular seminary schedule!

Wuchow (South China) Sees the Realization of a Vital Project—

¶**A**T *Tanchuk*, near *Pingnam*, where this year Father Schulz is pastor, Monsignor Meyer's Minor Seminary for native vocations to the priesthood has been completed, and is functioning under the guidance of Fathers Mulcahy and Gilligan.

This marks an important advance in the development of the Prefecture, since heretofore all Monsignor Meyer's candidates for the priesthood had to be sent down the West River to Kongmoon, where they studied with Bishop James E. Walsh's boys and occupied overcrowded quarters needed for Kongmoon's own young aspirants.

Fushun (Manchukuo) Suffers Growing Pains—

¶**S**ACRED HEART CHINESE MISSION in Manchukuo's great port city of *Dairen* has grown from thirty-five Christians in 1929 to 540 at the present time. Its Christians are mostly transients from China proper, only about ten per cent being native, and the majority are extremely poor. They are consequently unable to aid in the erection of an adequate church building, this growing mission's most urgent need.

Father Leo Hewitt is now pastor of the Sacred Heart Mission, and he has brought to *Dairen* two Maryknoll Sisters and two native Novices to work among the women of his flock. He has also opened a dispensary and organized a Catholic Action group.

¶Father Escalante, at *Ch'iao T'ou*, has invested in a small projector, borrowed a few films, and launched forth into another method of evangelization—the movies. He reports great success.

¶The *Maryknoll Sisters' Manchukuoan Language School*, which was opened in the fall of 1933, has graduated its first group. The five graduates are now ready for active work in the field.

the very poor which is gaining for the Church widespread good-will. Already through this medium several remarkable conversions have been recorded. Notice has been sent to every police station and to other official centers, as well as to the newspapers, informing them of Father Steinbach's sanatorium and requesting their assistance in directing to it the penniless sick poor for necessary care and medical treatment.

Briggs as pastor. The first Mass there was attended by forty-five worshippers.

¶At *Hikone*, one mile north of Otsu, another rented house serves as chapel-rectory, and is presided over by Fathers Whitlow and Joseph Daly. They have a local congregation of eight, with thirty-five more faithful in nearby *Noto-gawa*.



MONSIGNOR JOHN E. MORRIS, OF FALL RIVER, MASS., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA (CENTER, RIGHT), VISITS THE PREPARATORY SEMINARY AT SEOUL WHERE, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE FRENCH FATHERS, HE HAS THIS FINE GROUP OF YOUNG MEN TRAINING TO BECOME NATIVE PRIESTS IN HIS MISSION FIELD. "ONE OR TWO ARE MISSING FROM THE PHOTO," WRITES THE MONSIGNOR

Hearts are Gladdened in the Korean Maryknoll—

¶MONSIGNOR MORRIS, the Prefect Apostolic of Maryknoll-in-Korea, writes: "A recent event which gladdened our hearts was the canonical reception as postulants of five of our native aspirants who have been in training at *Peng Yang* for the past three years, under the guidance of our Maryknoll Sisters."

¶At *Peng Yang* also, Father Leo Steinbach has opened a sanatorium for

Our Japanknollers—

¶FATHER BYRNE and his co-workers are now installed in a rented building at *Otsu*, on the south shore of Lake Biwa, which is serving the purpose of a Language School. The most recent arrivals are concentrating all their energies on the mastery of the language, while some of the "veterans" are launching forth on mission work.

¶In the city of *Otsu* (70,000 inhabitants), a restaurant has been rented and transformed into a chapel, with Father

Maryknoll-in-Shanghai—

¶THE *Shanghai Mercy Hospital for Nervous Diseases*, where a group of Maryknoll Sisters have taken over the direction of the nursing in the women's section, now cares for more than one hundred patients.

The need in Shanghai for a hospital for the mentally ill being so great, the Foreign Concession made a substantial contribution to the original funds solicited for Mercy Hospital by Mr. Lo Pa Hong.

EVEN IF YOU CAN AFFORD BUT A DAY'S SUPPORT,



WE had an interesting experience recently. In writing our usual monthly note to some of our Sponsors we mentioned how fine it would be if they could suggest a friend who could likewise be a Sponsor, and support a missionary for one or more days a month at a dollar a day.

One of the replies was: *"In response to your plea, I will endeavor to get enough new names for you to carry one Father for a year. Here is a list, some of whom have actually promised to send one day's support a month. If any of them do not respond, Father, please let me know and I'll try for some more—I'm out to get thirty new Sponsors."*

In other words our Sponsor friend has quietly undertaken to organize a *Sponsor Club*, to interest others in doing each month what she herself has been doing for some time.

We see immense possibilities in this.

In the first place, the *Sponsor Club* fits nicely into Maryknoll's policy of avoiding activities which interfere with parochial or diocesan works. Our old friends will notice that in recent years we have not emphasized Maryknoll Circles, precious though the Circle as-

sistance has been. The reason is that the sum total of good from Circle activities has not always found the cause of Maryknoll and the missions strongly in the advantage.

This may surprise some of our friends, but not if they take note of the amount of effort and publicity which must be expended to organize such a thing as even a small bridge party. When enterprises of this sort are promoted by the pastor himself the possibility of misunderstanding is minimized, but it has happened that such undertakings have been set on foot under circumstances which have worked to the detriment of local needs.

We have always deeply regretted such occurrences. Maryknoll is come to stay. The few dollars of assistance which we may receive from an effort is as nothing if it has been secured at the cost of the friendship and esteem of any of the clergy, upon whom rests the framework of all labors for good in the Church.

Hence our satisfaction in seeing the *Sponsor Club* idea grow. It represents a private grouping together of friends who plan no clamorous undertakings, but merely a monthly sacrifice for the support of a Maryknoll missionary at one dollar a day. Some of the groups are small and take care of but five days a month, or one week a month. Others, as in the case of that of the lady whose letter we quote, will care for a missionary for the entire thirty days.

With interesting possibilities also is the Sponsor idea as taken up by some parish sodalities. In a small parish, where charities must be undertaken on a modest scale, it is very inspiring to find the Children of Mary Sodality pledge itself to the care of a missionary for five days or ten days a month. In such cases Maryknoll is very ready to arrange for a returned missionary to put himself at the disposal of the chaplain of the sodality or society for an occasional conference.

The chaplains themselves seem the most enthusiastic about such an idea. Many parish society directors are welcoming the mission idea, represented in such a practical way in the Sponsor plan, as a means of keeping vigorous the spirit of their organizations.



FATHER RAUSCHENBACH'S LITTLE CATHOLIC READING ROOM AT DOSING, IN THE MARYKNOLL KONGMOON FIELD, SOUTH CHINA, IS OPEN TO ALL. THERE ARE SEPARATE HOURS FOR MEN AND WOMEN, WITH MEN AND LADY CATECHISTS IN CHARGE

YOU WILL HAVE DONE YOUR PART IN SPREADING



Christmas Joy To All Our Friends!

TO all Maryknoll Benefactors—East, West, North, South, here and there along the line, in these United States, in Canada, and over the oceans—we extend a warm Christmas greeting!

May the Christ Child bless us all, and strengthen us in our desire to make known to those still in pagan darkness and the shadow of death the *Good Tidings of Great Joy*.

Maryknoll is grateful for recent generous "Stringless" Gifts from friends in Philadelphia, Pa., Hartford, Conn., Salem, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mission Gifts, for Maryknoll fields of South China and Japan, came from New York City, Clarksburg, W. Va., and Cincinnati, Ohio.

A *Sponsor* in Cincinnati, Ohio, offered the \$365.00 needed to sustain one of our South China missionaries for a year, at a dollar a day; and from New York City and Los Angeles, Calif., came notable aid in providing for our missionaries-to-be in the Seminary.

The names of benefactors in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Los Angeles, Calif., were added to our constantly growing list of *Maryknoll Annuitants*.

A substantial addition to one of our *Native Clergy Burses* was made by a mission-lover in San Francisco, Calif., and from Chicago, Ill., and Hoboken, N. J., came offerings for the education of *Native Seminarians* in Maryknoll fields of Korea and South China.

Across the continent, from Seattle, Wash., traveled the wherewithal to ransom from abandonment and paganism a goodly number of *Chinese Babies*.

Nine *Wills* matured in favor of Maryknoll recently, and we were named as beneficiaries in five others.



THE SOUND OF THE MISSION BELL, PEELING OUT GLADLY OVER THE SNOW-LADEN COUNTRYSIDE, CALLS THESE KOREAN CHRISTIANS TO WORSHIP AT THE CRIB

Should these lines catch the attention of a friend who writes us from the William Sloane House in New York City and who, preferring that his charity should be known only to God, has not given his name, we wish to assure this generous partner in the Great Cause that his frequent offerings are applied at once to the relief of pressing mission needs.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friends, 5; M. C. & Family; N. E.; M. C. Family; C. C. & Relatives; A. F. & Relatives; S. A.

USE Maryknoll Christmas Seals.

T.; T. F. & M. J. R.; T. B.; S. E., Sr.; E. E.; S. E.; S. E. T.; C. H. T.; J. H. T.; Mrs. E. L. & Relatives; W. J. B.; H. M. & Relatives; V. E. S. & Relatives; Relatives of Mrs. C. R.; A. T. McG. & Relatives; G. F. W. & Relatives; W. A. & C. W.; F. B. & Relatives; S. C. & Relatives; A. M. B.; M. E. D. & Relatives; R. M.; G. H. B.; D. D., Sr.; M. E. C.; M. S.; Mr. & Mrs. J. L. B. & Family; J. A. F. A. & Family; Dr. R. R. B. & Family; Mrs. W. K. & Relatives; C. H. & Relatives; Mrs. J. F. Le P.

Deceased: Cecilia A. Flynn, Catherine T. McDonald; Ellen T. Mahoney; Mary Doyle; John Higgins; Patrick Higgins; Ellen Mahoney; Hannah Mahoney; Dennis Mahoney; Bartholomew Mahoney; Nellie Higgins; Mary Higgins; John & Susan M. King; John King; Louis A. Strong; Bessie Hallisey; John P. Wood; Helena Wigand; Ellen M. Sharp; A. P. Ward; William L. & Mary C. Mott; Mary A. Brown; Michael Boland; Bridget Boland; Ellen Boland; Edward Boland; Richard Boland; Julia Boland; John Hourigan; Joanna Hourigan; Michael Hourigan; James Hourigan; Andrew Hourigan; Mary O'Brien; James O'Brien; John Hourigan, Jr.; James Boland; Mary L. Glynn; Gertrude E. Roche; Mary Gallagher.

STUDENT BURSSES

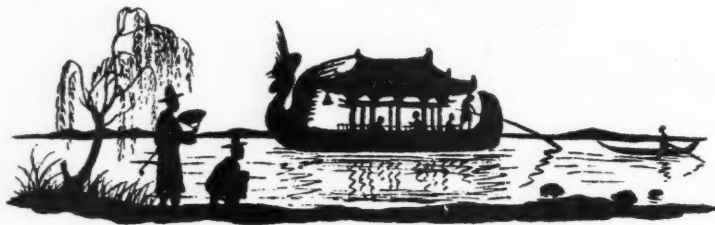
A bursse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BURSE, NO. 2 (RESERVED)	4,700.00
Mahan Memorial Burse	4,630.85
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse	4,200.00
St. Anthony Burse	4,070.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00

THE LUMEN CHRISTI, THE DIVINE LIGHT OF FAITH.



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Your Name.....Amount

Address.....Enclosed

Dunwoode Seminary Bursar.....	3,822.09
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Bursar.....	3,153.94
St. Michael, Bursar, No. 1.....	3,015.00
St. M. Bursar.....	3,000.00
Marywood College Bursar.....	2,882.00
Bishop Molloy Bursar.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Bursar.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Bursar.....	2,762.85
Duluth Diocese Bursar.....	2,711.71
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursar.....	2,843.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursar.....	2,264.19
Archbishop Ireland Bursar.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Bursar.....	1,940.09
St. Dominic Bursar.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursar	1,738.06
St. Agnes Bursar.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummy Bursar of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Bursar.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Bursar	1,130.10
St. John Baptist Bursar.....	1,121.21
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St. Boniface Bursar.....	1,000.00
Detroit Diocese Bursar.....	876.00
St. Rita Bursar.....	772.55
St. Lawrence Bursar.....	673.25
St. Joseph Bursar, No. 2.....	656.20
Children of Mary Bursar.....	655.70
St. Bridget Bursar.....	630.70
Holy Family Bursar.....	582.25
St. Joan of Arc Bursar.....	503.61
St. Holy Name Bursar.....	476.65
St. Jude Bursar.....	414.00
St. John B. de la Salle Bursar.....	202.00
All Saints Bursar.....	213.78
Rev. George M. Fitz-Gerald Bursar.	217.00
St. John Berchmans Bursar.....	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Bursar	200.00

<i>The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved)</i>	200.00
<i>Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....</i>	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
<i>S.S. Peter and Paul Burse.....</i>	150.00
<i>St. Peter Burse.....</i>	106.07
<i>Queen of the Rosary Burse.....</i>	105.00

**FOR OUR PREPARATORY
COLLEGES
(\$5,000 each)**

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served)	4,500.00

"INTEREST" is always gratifying. Our *Annuity Plan* allows you interest on your mission gift while you live—with no doubts as to its disposition after you have gone. Write today for information.

"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....	1,444.95
Most Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse.....	1,321.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,002.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos).....	1,000.00
St. Michael Burse.....	696.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	690.10
Vcn. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos).....	427.00
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	113.00

NATIVE STUDENT BURSSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS AND OUR LADY OF PER- PETUAL HELP BURSE (RE- SERVED)		
St. Ann and John Burse.....		\$1,474.61
Little Flower Burse.....		1,425.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....		1,392.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....		1,335.50
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....		1,178.00
Mary Mother of God Burse.....		1,081.00
McQuillen-Blomer Memorial Burse.....		808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....		800.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....		702.00
St. Patrick Burse.....		301.60
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F.W. Burse.....		255.00
A. L. Burse (Reserved).....		200.00
		200.00

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

WE ask prayers for the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Sister Mary Paula Godey; Sister Mary Michael Meade; Sister Mary Austin Shanley; Elizabeth Duggan; T. Murphy; John Vogel; Miss C. Burke; Owen S. Kerley; Bessie Delaney; John J. Niland, Sr.; Mr. Kelly; Dennis Collins; Timothy Daly; William O'Brien; Edward L. Doheny; A. F. Martet; Mrs. C. M. Learned; M. Madden; William D. Power; James H. Mattimore, Sr.; Miss Jennie McGee; Mrs. J. Holland; Mrs. Dwyer; Mrs. Mary L. Glynn; Mary Bruemmer; Mrs. Gessler; John Eiles; Mrs. Kathryn Connolly; Mrs. E. McGuinness; Mrs. E. M. Shaw; Patrick Connaughton; John P. Martin; John G. Agar; Mrs. James Callahan; John Millmore; Mrs. Ellen Crowe, John M. Kennedy.

***I**F we confine our love for Christ to His Presence in our own souls, He will not remain long with us.*

Charity must expand, or it will die.

IN CHRIST JESUS SHALL ALL NATIONS BE BLESSED.



The Year 1935 A.D.
CHRISTMASTIDE

My Dear Little Friends in the Christ Child:

This is a Christmas letter to girls and boys who are not (yet!) Maryknoll Juniors.

I am going to venture a very bold guess and I am about to say what will seem to you a very startling thing. If the Christ Child had been born nineteen hundred and thirty-five years later than the Year 1 A.D., I would not be at all surprised but that He would now be a Maryknoll Junior! Now, how can I presume to make such a statement? Well, there's just this about it—when we think of Christ, even as a Child, we must think of Him as He thought of Himself: sent by His Father to save the souls of men, all men. Christ was the First Missioner. At Bethlehem in the manger, at Nazareth in the carpenter shop, long before He walked the highways and byways of Galilee, He was saving souls by His prayers and sacrifices and His great Love. The Christ Child was the First Little Missioner-at-Home!

Now, if you were to ask me for a definition of a Maryknoll Junior, my answer would be: A Maryknoll Junior is a little missioner-at-home. Like the Christ Child, Maryknoll Juniors save souls by their prayers and sacrifices and great love. Their motto is the motto the Christ Child carried out so carefully in His Own short earthly Life: "Pray and work for conversions."

Perhaps you would like to imitate the Christ Child by helping to save souls through your little prayers and little sacrifices and great love? Perhaps you would like to be other little missioners-at-home? Perhaps you would like to join the Christ Child's Soul-Helpers—the Maryknoll Juniors!

Yours for the First Little Missioner-at-Home!

Father Chin

P.S.: There's an Invitation to the Maryknoll Juniors below waiting for your signature.

Date

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the MARYKNOLL JUNIOR CLUB for one year.

MY NAME

MY ADDRESS

MY AGE MY SCHOOL

Membership in the MARYKNOLL JUNIOR CLUB entitles you to receive *The Maryknoll Junior* free.

A HANDFUL OF STRAW FOR THE CHRIST CHILD



MARYKNOLL has at present in Eastern Asia one hundred and sixty-five bearers of the Good Tidings of Great Joy. Would you, as a gift to the Christ Child, aid us in the mission of making known to the Gentiles the Christmas Story?

Each of our young apostles requires for his personal needs and sustenance a minimum of a dollar a day. As Sponsor of a Maryknoll missionary, light Christmas candles in pagan hearts at least for a day.

If you can do more, and wish to adopt a Maryknoller for a certain number of days each month, don't hesitate to let us know.

THE FIELD AFAR

makes

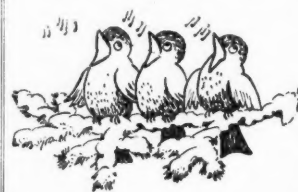
an

ideal



Christmas Gift

MARYKNOLL CHRISTMAS GIFTS



YOUR friends will be pleased if you include *Maryknoll Books* among your Christmas gifts. See back cover for list of books and special Christmas discount.

THE Maryknoll Pin and Ring bear the Chi Rho symbol, the Greek letters signifying the mission of Christ to the world—singularly appropriate gifts for the day on which the Son of God became Man. Gold-plated Pins cost 50c; Gold Rings, 10-karat, \$6.

SAY "Merry Christmas" to your friends with *Gift Subscriptions to The Field Afar*. One Gift Subscription for a year may be had for \$1.00; six of these Subscriptions will cost only \$5.00. An attractive Christmas card, bearing your name, will be sent to each of those for whom you subscribe.

INDUSTRIAL work directed by the Maryknoll Sisters in China and Korea produces *Oriental Gifts* of a unique charm. These include Linens—tray covers, dinner sets, luncheon sets, bridge sets, guest towels—50c up; Dolls—Chinese, Japanese, Korean—50c up; Altar Linens, \$10.00 up; Surplices, \$16.50 up; Albs \$18.50 up; Lightweight Vestments, \$22.00 up.



VESTMENTS and Cassocks made under the direction of Maryknoll Sisters in Hong Kong have already gained a reputation. The light weight vestments are noted as distinctive and artistic. The

cassocks, usually of light weight Chinese silk, while folding into a small space, are ample and fit nicely.

The Sisters are constantly developing this work, and have succeeded in producing garments suitable for prelates, priests, seminarians, and altar boys—at prices that will fit even the slender purse. Saint Joseph is the patron of their workroom, where they manage to employ fifty very poor Chinese girls.

Catalogs may be obtained from and orders may be addressed to:

*The Mission Industrial Department
Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Make It Stringless!



STRINGS serve excellent purposes we readily admit. In his distant village Chan Ko heard of the Faith through a zealous catechist

and now, desiring to know it better, he is journeying to the catechumenate of a Maryknoll mission in China. He is taking along with him some household supplies and his most treasured possession, his little son and heir.

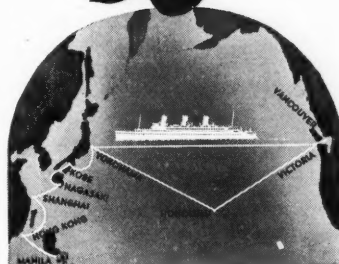
Without strings Chan Ko would make small progress along the road to the Maryknoll mission and the Faith.

But the mission itself and the homeland Center which founded it progress most rapidly when unhampered by "Strings."

The "Stringless Gift" is by far the best, because it can be used where the need is greatest.

東方

*"To the Orient"
in Chinese*



GO DIRECT TO THE ORIENT

ONLY 10 DAYS TO YOKOHAMA . . . by the sister-ships, *Empress of Asia* or *Empress of Russia*. Or via Honolulu in 3 days more on the *Empress of Japan*, or the *Empress of Canada*.

LOW ALL-YEAR ROUND-TRIP FARES . . . First Class and Tourist Class. Low-cost Third Class on all "Empresses". Summer round-trip fares to the Orient even lower.

FREQUENT SAILINGS from Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila. Orient fares include passage to and from Seattle.

• Facilities available for the celebration of Holy Mass.

• Also . . . low-cost World Tours.

• Special sailings to and from International Eucharistic Congress in Manila, February, 1937.

BOOKLETS, from YOUR OWN AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and 34 other cities in the U.S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific



Give Books This Year

ON all purchases of \$5.00 or more, from the list below, a discount of 33⅓% will be granted if the order is received before Christmas. Books may be sent to your own or a friend's address.

These books are illustrated, attractively bound in cloth, and sent postpaid.

Field Afar Stories, 3 vols., each	\$.85	Thoughts from Modern Martyrs	\$.50
Independent collections of absorbing tales dealing with foreign missions and the foreign mission vocation.		Extracts from the letters of three young martyrs of the past century, their portraits, and sketches of their lives.	
Felix Westerwoudt85	In the Homes of Martyrs	1.00
Missionary priest in Borneo,		Visits to the homes and homefolk of five young missionary martyrs of the past century.	
A Modern Martyr	1.00	The Catholic Church in Korea	1.00
Bl. Theophane Vénard, martyred in Tongking.		Appendix on the Maryknoll Mission.	
(In paper covers, 60c)		Bluegowns	1.50
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An American Missionary	1.00	The Maryknoll Movement	1.00
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Fr. Just de Bretenières, martyred in Korea.		Observations in the Orient	2.00
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Bl. Peter Chanel, martyred in Oceania.		Maryknoll Mission Letters, each vol., ...	2.00
Two Vincentian Martyrs	1.00	Pioneer Maryknoll missionaries.	
Bl. Clet and Bl. Perboyre, missionaries in China.			

Address: THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

